THE Catholick Confession OF Monsieur de SANCY,

Declaring the

CAUSES

As well of

STATE

AS

RELIGION

Which moved him to

Return into the Bosom

OF THE

Roman Church.

Writ Originally in French.

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THE CATHOLIC CONFESSION OF THE Sieur *de SANCY.*

FIRST BOOK.

CHAP. I.

Of the Authority of the Church, and of its Head.

IT has been a Controverſie frequently debated in theſe times, whether the *State* be in the *Church*, or the *Church* in the *State.* Amongſt thoſe that would have the *State* to be in the *Church*, there are ſome who alledge, That it would not be univerſal, ſhould it be circumſcrib'd within the *State.* Others, taking the ſame things for Examples, Do ye not ſee, ſay they, how the *State* ſubmits it

ſelf to the *Church*? How this haughty King, after ſo many Armies vanquiſh'd, ſo many flouriſhing people, ſo many great Princes, his Enemies, layd at his feet; at length for all his Grandeur, proſtrating himſelf at the feet of the Pope, receives his commands at the hands of his Monſieur Confeſſor, and Cardinal *D' Oſſat*. Which two were layd upon their bellies jigg by jowl, like Mackarel upon a Gridiron, while you might have read half a Maſs. They ſay moreover, That there was the ſame play to be play'd over again, between his Majeſty and Monſieur the Legat, but that was to be done gently and under the Roſe. They who would turn the Holy See quite out of doors, inſtance the boldneſs of the Court, which being a *Fugitive*, as far as *Tours*, yet ventur'd to burn the Bulls of his Holineſs by the hand of the common Hangman. After that, they tell of a ſecond piece of Audacity of the Court united together, which was the Baniſhment of the Jeſuits out of *France*, a high contempt of the *Romiſh* See. But I anſwer to that, That we have no reaſon to repent of it. Witneſs the good Catholic City of *Tournon*, and in imitation of her, the Parliaments of *Tholouſe* and *Bourdeaux*, who both, in ſpight of Fate re-eſtabliſhed theſe ſtout Champions of the Church.

Thus

Thus you have the proofs of the one and the other side by Consequences and Effects. Now for proofs by reason; and let no man wonder at this way of proceeding. It has been the humor of *France* for many years to mind the effects, and not the reason of things. Then I must tell the Reader, that a man may sooner venture his Neck and get a hundred thousand Crowns, then disengage himself out of the labyrinth of such difficult affairs. I shall therefore only say this, That I believe the Pope to be more then all the rest of the World together, nay then all the Saints, and all the Angels. I'll shew ye certain passages which Monsieur Confessor gave me, to confirm me in this opinion. *Bernard* of *Sens* calls him Prince of the Bishops, Heir of the Apostles; for antiquity of dignity, *Abel* and *Noah*; as a Patriarch, *Abraham*; as to his Order, *Melchisedec*; as to his Priesthood, *Aaron*; as to his Soveraignty, *Moses*; in Judgment a *Samuel*, in power a *Peter*, in authority, *Christ*. I remember the words of one of the Bulls of *Clement* the 6th. *The Pope is to be admir'd; The Pope is the astonishment of the World: Neither God nor Man, but as it were between both.* The Glossary upon *q. Sect. 1. cap. 17.* is positive, That the *Pope is no man.* I have also read the *Distinct. and Canon, Proposuit*

de con. pra. 19. *c. Si humanarum.* Where it is pithily obſerv'd, That the Pope, according to the latitude of his Authority, has power to give a diſpenſation againſt any Law. And 5. *Tranſub. Epiſt.* 5. *in Gloſſ.* he explains himſelf farther, ſaying, That the Pope can turn injuſtice into juſtice. Monſieur Confeſſor, never admire at theſe laſt paſſages, when I ſhall tell ye, by way of reinforcement, that the Pope can make *infecta facta*; that is, he can make *Something* out of *Nothing*, and *Nothing* of *Something*. By one Hiſtory alone will I undertake to prove, that the Pope can do all this. That high and mighty Pope, *Sixtus Quintus*, who in his time caus'd above four thouſand pair of ſhoulders to want heads; and envy'd the Queen of *England* for nothing more, but that ſhe had the Honour to cut off a Queen's Head; who put down the Bawdy-houſes, and conſequently took away fourſcore thouſand Duckets of rent from the Church. He that was wont ſay, *There's no truſting in this Religion, for it will not laſt.* He whom the King call'd Mr. *Sixtus*; who was made Pope, that he might bring his Hoggs to a fair Market. This Great Perſonage having unfortunately entred into a Contract with the Devil, and having read how *Alexander* the Sixth, for that he had

uſurp'd

uſurp'd the Chair by force, was couzen'd in his term of years, made his bargain abſolutely for ſeven years; but notwithſtanding all his wit, the Scrivener he had to deal with, found a way to get looſe from his Articles. For after he had raign'd five years very formidably, he fell ſick the laſt day of the five years, at what time there came to his Bed-ſide in the ſight of his chief Chamberlain, a certain grave Abby-Lubber, with whom the Pope entred into a very high Conteſt, inſomuch that they in the next Room could hear the Pope call the t'other perfidious; asking him withal whether he had not promis'd him ſeven years, and whether there were any more then five paſt? To which the Devil's Envoy made anſwer with a loud voice; 'Tis true, ſaid he, I promis'd thee ſeven years, and there are but five elaps'd, and yet for all that I am no perfidious Perſon. For do but remember, That when you had a deſire to put to death the Son of ſuch one——for ſuch a Crime,——when you were inform'd by Juſtice, that Legally he could not be put to death, till he was Seventeen years of Age——I ſay then, do but remember, how you ſaid you would lend him two of yours: Now five and two make ſeven, and therefore you muſt go, there's no remedy. By this

Story we find the absolute power of the Pope, and a confirmation of the fore-mention'd Characters of his Grandeur. For by putting the young Lad illegally to death, he dispens'd with Law against Law. That Justice which should have sav'd the Lad, he turn'd into Injustice. And the Devil and he made out the third point: For the Bargain which was for seven years, at first imperfect, by the power of the Pope and the Devil became a good Contract, as the Devil made it out by the Pope's own Act and Deed. And therefore that buffonly President of *Beauliew*, when the Pope had excommunicated the Mass which had been said when the King was crown'd, together with all that assisted at the Coronation; did not much amiss, according to his rambling Divinity, to say, That where there was an Assembly of *Ecclesiastics*, it was such because there was a God among them. The Chancellor going about to reply, By the body of—— Sir, cry'd the *Belfrugger*, you shall grant me that God was present at that same Council. The Chancellor not daring to deny; the other demands, if any Heretic were there, who durst venture to bound the puissance of his Holiness? Every one shrug'd up his shoulders, choosing rather to allow the Excommunication

tion of the God of Heaven, then limit the power of a God upon Earth.

CHAP. II.

Of Traditions.

WE puzzle the Heretics infinitely, when we demonstrate to them, that the Authority of the Church and Traditions teach us to acknowledge the Scriptures, although the Canonical Writings teach us not to acknowledge either Traditions or the Authority of the Church. In truth, we must hold to the Legends of the Church, and not to Canonical Scripture, otherwise, the Heretics will goad us to Eternity with their Texts out of the Bible. But that I may seem to have done something more, I made use of this advice, not to reck'n for Tradition-Mongers those ancient Doctors of the six first Ages, wherein the Church was not as yet fully nobilitated; when her Sumptuous Buildings were not as yet rear'd; when the Popes liv'd up and down in Caverns, and

in short might pass for the first Promoters of her troubles: at what time the Church smelt somewhat strong of *Huguenotism*, or rather of the Faggot. I say they wrote nothing boldly or over-confidently in those first times: & therefore I allow for Traditions, the Books corrected by the devout Council of *Trent*. For some time after that, we have seen at the Court, and we have still some Doctors, who affecting squeamishness of Conscience, play the *Demi-Huguenots*, and Appointers of Religion. This ought to be a fair example to *Monsieur Benedict*, and his Compagnons, *Berenger*, and *Chanveau* in their Deaths of Melancholie or Poyson. These Hero's would fain persuade the suppression of a Book, entitl'd *Index Expurgatorius*. Accordingly, it was one Result of the Council of *Trent*, whereby all Printers were commanded to expunge or correct the most boistrous passages, wherewith the holy Fathers had besmear'd the belief of the Church, with a Catalogue of such Sentences as it was convenient either to stifle or amend, to the end the Heretics might make no use of them. These Prudent Worldlings, esteeming themselves wiser then the Council, would needs have this *Expurgatorie Index* suppres'd, to conceal, as they said, the shame of the

the Church, which was not to plead for its self upon false Evidences. But they have display'd the frame, by thinking to hide it: For about 11. or 20. years since, the Book (I mean a copie of it, sign'd by the Council) fell into the hands of the Family of *Antwerp*, and is now carefully preserv'd among the Rarities of the *Elector Palatine*. And which is worse, some Doctors, among the rest *Baronius*, who were chosen to make this Reformation, are reformed themselves, and have confess'd in their printed writings, that one of them had for his part alone, alter'd above sixty of those passages. Thus the design of the Council being discover'd, in going about to suppress this Book, we might suppress the Authority of the Church, and make it questionable, whether it be not lawful to change the Expositions of the Doctors, and something of the Text of the Ancients? Certainly, the Affirmative is to be maintain'd, and that the Church ought to change both the old and new Testament, without bogling any more at the Translation of the Septuagint, then at the Translation of fifteen Score, if we would have all the main Principles on our side. The Primates of *Bourges* and *Lyons*, would discard out of the number of Traditions, the

Conformities of St. *Francis*, the *Pattern of Wisdom*, the *Garden of disconsolate Souls*, *Marial*; the Sermons of *Menot*, *Manipulus Curatorum*, *Stella*, *Lavacrum Conscientiæ*, *Summa Peccatorum*, dedicated to the Virgin *Mary*; the *Golden Legend*, the Book of Rates, and the *Life of Christ*. A Preacher whose name was *Christi*, preach'd at *Nantes*, to the Ladies, in these words: My dainty quaint Ladies, if I find a Bible or a new Testament in any of your hands, you shall tast of my Whip: but have always between your fingers the good *Vita Christi*, the *Vita Christi*, who made *Vespasian* and *Titus* Christians, and brought about the design of the Siege of *Jerusalem*, to revenge the Death of Christ; and then he condemn'd and vilifi'd all other Historians, to establish the truth of that Book. But one of those Prelats might sooner have instructed himself to believe in God, than us to believe in Him; and it is as difficult a thing to make us quit our love of those Books, as to make him quit the love of his kind Sister. For those books are the only foundation of our belief. Neither do they allow the defeat of *Monsieur Cayer*. They say, that the Tales of St. *Francis* were made at *Geneva*. That's well for the *Alcoran* of St. *Francis*. However the Studies of

of these abstemious Find-faults, are full of those books of the old Impressions. 'Twere better for them to defend them, and say that they were made with a good Intention. As when we read of St. *Francis* living with his Wife of Snow. We ought to speak the best, and say the good man did it to cool not only his own naturally sinful heat, but as a president to his posterity. When he preaches to the fleshy thereby it is intimated, that when his offspring should preach, they would require a mute Auditory. When he preach'd it up for a Miracle, that God would not suffer the flesh to be drown'd in the Deluge, thereby he insinuates that the Miracles of the Church of *Rome* ought to proceed from natural causes, as *Riebeome* labours to make out. When he calls the Wolves his Brethren, and stroaks them with his hand, he did it to show, that the *Franciscans* should be rough footed, and surprizers of the Innocent sheep. He calls the Swallows his Sisters, because their Brothers like them, all morning prayer time, build their nests i'the Country-mens Houses. When the Angel told St. *Francis*, as he was at his devotions, that Antichrist should be born of his Order, that was, because it should not be thought an Indignity to make the *Fran-*

ciscan

Niscan Friers Popes. And when he disrob'd himself before the Women, and set up his Crucifix, what was that but to display the beauties of Nature, as not having eaten of the Tree of Knowledg; and to lay open, if not the understanding, yet the nakedness of Father *Adam*? When St. *Germain* raises a dead Ass, wherefore should not he, out of his brotherly love, and Asinine commiseration, being alive, give life to Asses, who had bin the death of so many at St. *Germans de prez*, and *Auxerroit*. *Blase* of *Anjou*, who threaten'd his Son with Excommunication, if he offer'd to read one line in the Scripture, especially the Commandments, at length at the intercession of *Aubraye* a good Catholic, gave him leave to read the *Maccabees*. As for Frier *Jacopon*, when I was a *Huguenot*, there was nothing made me laugh like the Legend of that pious Saint; and among the rest, how he made Confession of his sins to one of his Brethren by signs.

These things seem absurd; but they work this effect among the people, as to lead them into a belief that there is no absurdity in the World. And therefore it is, that St. *Paul* calls the preaching of these things the folly of preaching. From whence *Monsieur Cayer* draws this notable Syllogism:

gism: *It pleases God to save Believers by the folly of preaching*; the folly of preaching is the preaching of Legends: therefore God is pleased to save believers by preaching of Legends. If any person requires the note of Universality, and insists, that nothing is to be concluded *ex puris particularibus*, he may do well for the School-men: However to conclude from pure particulars is rather the Logic of a Banker, then a Scholar. The Legend of the Saints, is the Garden of the Soul. Images are the Books of the Ignorant. Yet in this Garden there are certain Herbs to be found, which if they do no farther mischief, yet cause a general stupidity. A brave fellow, who understands the fashion of the World, knows what it is which the Country people call Robbery. If he find that his disconsolate Soul is not able to change its way of living, he may see in the Legend, the bright example of a Knight, who without mercy rob'd the poor as well as the rich, and was acquitted for saying an *Ave Marie* once a day: and it is indeed the general practice of the Souldiers at this time. If a Lady of the Court find in her disconsolate Soul, that she cannot pass for a devout Votaress, and a voluptuous Liver both at the same time, has she not wherewithal

withal to comfort her, like the *Egyptian* St. *Marie*, who from twelve years of age till she was grown contemptibly old, never refus'd any man in her life? Are not the ancient Chronicles full of the noble acts of St. *Mandlin*? Do not the Legendary Poets tell us, how many persons of good Families have been forc'd by the power of her Enchantments to sell their Estates for her sake? How many other couragious Blades have valiantly cut their own throats, being jealous of her love? and yet she was no sooner exhausted with age, but she was presently canoniz'd. If any poor Priest have not the pour to preserve his Chastity, 'tis his fault, if he make not use of the Canon, *Si quis Presbyter Concubinam non habuerit*; and thereby be as shamelessly happy as *Abbot Ephraim*, who made no scruple, like *Diogenes*, to supply his wants in the open Market-place. There's the Authority of the Chapter, *inter opera Charitatis*, where it is said, that he that couples with a *Magdalen*, *multum profuit in remissionem peccatorum*. If any Bishop or Cardinal becomes amorous of his Page, let him comfort himself after the Example of St. *Francis*, who calls his Amours with Frier *Masseus*, sacred. As to what the said Book affirms, that St. *Francis* was all

inflam'd

inflam'd, beholding Frier *Macous*, and that he often cry'd out the same day, as the one held the *Chalice*, and the other the little *Cruises*, transported with the fury of his love, *præbe mihi teipsum*: there is much to be collected from thence. I will tell ye bythe by, that you may hence conjecture where Monsieur Confessor lays his foundation, when he calls the Amours of *Quailus*, and his Master, Sacred; and whence this Title was first deriv'd. There is another book whom I have so often mention'd, which they would fain have quite extirpated, but the holy See would never permit the loss. *De Sparde* was the first that labour'd in it these words, *Habeat jam Roma pudorem, ejusmodi mores toto mundo prostituere desinat.* *Let* Rome *at length be asham'd, and cease to prostitute such Customes to all the World.* This is the book of *Rates*, where a good Catholic may see the cheapness of sinning, and observe in a moment the price of forgiveness. Whoever shall deflour a Virgin, shall pay six groats. He that shall carnally know, by consent of parties, his own Mother, his Sister, his Cousin-German or his Godmother shall be acquitted for five groats; but if it be known publicly in the Church, not under six. He that kills his Father or his Mother, shall pay a Duc-

kat

kat and and five *Cartines*. I could tell ye more, but I shall rather let ye know that these things are to be seen in the Chapter of perpetual Expences. The book was printed at *Paris* in the year 1570. by *Toussain Denis* in St. *James-street* at the *Woodd'n Cross*, being entitl'd *Cancellaria Apostolica*. A *Poictovin* asked me one day whether I could resolve him a quaint Question, why *Sodomites* were more zealous against the *Huguenots*, then any of the *Roman Catholics*? I laugh'd at the Question at first, but afterwards I call'd to mind, what I had heard from the mouth of the brave Marshal *d' Aumont*; There are none, said he, that so violently persecute us, as these *Sodomites*, and labour the utter expulsion of the *Huguenots*. I remember'd also, that there are not any who so earnestly solicited the King's Conversion, as those who were most suspected for that Crime. Which was the reason, that I resolv'd to understand the Interest of these *Monsieur Catamites*. You know, said the *Poictovin*, that there are several persons who are polluted with this *peccadillo*; who though they do not over-credulously believe that there is any Hell, or any Paradise, yet being still in doubts and fears, would, as the Decretalists say, *make use of absolution by way of caution*. Now

should

should a man come to an honeſt Divine, and ask him by what means, a deteſtable ſinner may be ſav'd? He would reply, by imbracing the death of Chriſt, with a true and ſincere faith; by praying with a contrite heart, and a real repentance; by relying upon the mercy of God, and putting on a reſolution of amendment of life, and perſeverance therein. But the miſchief is, that the honeſt people of this age, are not eaſily allur'd to furniſh themſelves either with this ſame Faith or Patience. Then comes the holy See, compos'd of perſons of high birth, that carry a great ſway in public affairs, who obſerving that ſuch Soul-phyſic was not at all toothſome to great Perſonages, and being unwilling that Beggars and Tatterdemallions ſhould outbrave Kings and Grandees with their Theological vertues in the other World, have found out a more pleaſing and quaint Expedient. For if you ask a Jeſuit concerning that nice and intricate ſin of *Sodomy*, he'l fit your humour better then a Country Parſon. He'l ſend you to *Cardinal Sourdis*, who by his Bull alone, ſhall acquit ye both of *Sodomy* and *Inceſt*. He will put about your neck a wreath of the laſt requeſts by Maſter *Jacques David*, Biſhop of *Evreux*. If you are a *French* man,

man, he will bestow upon ye certain grains of Paradise, out of the 19. *Art.* will cause ye to say certain words out of the 7. *Art.* as *Domine Jesu, suscipe*, and such like, which are printed at *Paris* by — And this Application rightly manag'd, gives ye a full and absolute Indulgence and Remission of all your sins, as well in reference to the Crime as to the Punishment. Which is expresly quoted by Monsieur Confessor as a new thing. For we said before, that Antiquity durst not be so hardy nor adventurous. Do ye think it strange then, that the Religion of the *Huguenots*, of which I will say what the learned *Julian* said of Christianism, that it was the Religion of Beggars and Vagabonds; I say, do you think it strange, that Kings, Princes, Prelats, Cardinals, Popes and other Grandees, should from the bottom of their hearts, abominate *Huguenotism*, and *Huguenots*; and embrace a kind and favourable Religion, by the precepts and freedom whereof, the gates of Paradise are always open at a minutes warning? A Religion that affords Remedies for all transgressions and distempers, *In* Spain *to the* Cavalleros, *in* France *to* Lord *and* Pedant, *in* Germany *to few, but in* Italy *to all in general.*

The Spanish Proverb.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Of the Intercession of He-Saints and She-Saints.

OUr Gallants for want of Arguments prove the most part of the points in Controversie by pleasant Similitudes, and jocular Comparisons. As for Example you shall see how we prove the Intercession of the *He-Saints*, and *She-Saints*. 'Twas never known that all persons whatsoever went higgledy piggledy to present their Petitions to the King, but by the Mediation of others, as Princes, Princesses, Counsellors of State, and Masters of Requests. *Ergo*, we must believe that the Male and Female Saints order the Affairs of Heaven, as we order our affairs on Earth. And here I might undertake to prove that God never concerns himself with the affairs of this World, by the help of the same comparison. True it is, that that. Heretic *Rosny* will have him take another course, and ads the Publican and the honest man both together, contrary to the Maxim, *That two contraries*

traries cannot subsist in the same subject. I hope that one of the two will submit by the assistance of my Conversion, and the Intercession of the Saints. Who doubts the Efficacy of Saints Intercession? Consider that no crimes have been so great within the 15 years, but that both the crime and the punishment have been quite abolish'd by their Prayers. No services have been so praiseworthy, but that they, who thought to get a reward, without the Intercession of the holy Persons, have been deceiv'd, and have lost their time and the acknowledgment which they deserv'd. This is that which *Hortman* observ'd in his Book *de Regno Vulvarum.* I shall have no great trouble to persuade them to believe this point, who have had business to do since my raigne. The General of the League having but two places that held out for him, could not reconcile himself with this King as he did with the other on purpose to entrap him. By that he gain'd more than by catching cold in his Trenches. The Raigning Saint had given him a general pardon, and plac'd him in the highest place of the Terrestrial Paradise. Madam *de Montpensier*, whom we would hang in *Effigie*, has in the same manner expiated the Assassination of the late King. *Villeroy* has also luckily made his

s peace the ſame way. *Sourdis* the Onele cover'd *Chartres*, and that head which tter'd upon his ſhoulders, but they did t give him the Maſter-ſhip of the Horſe, ecauſe the Pages began to ride uneaſily, hich produc'd the following ſhort Lam-oon.

And muſt Sourdis *loſe his wages?*
What's the Crime that thus enforces?
Oh! he ſpurrs the little Pages,
Inſtead of ſpurring the great Horſes.

Without the help of this Saint, *Le Grand* ad alſo been expell'd; but he carry'd a andle to the Saint rather then to his me-ts. I have tak'n away my ſons from *Ro-el*, and will not have them any more to udy either Greek or Hebrew; but will or-er 'em to learn the Sciences of Monſieur *e Lignerac*, *Varenne*, *Cachat*, and *La Baſtide*, who will teach them to ſay their *Ora pro obis's* with a good Grace. Let 'em know heir hours according to the Cuſtom of *Chartres*; ſay yes, and ask what was ſaid, nd to faign being a fool, be ſo in good arneſt. If they ſee any naſtineſs at Court, would have them to be puniſh'd if they ave Noſes to ſmell it. Let 'em learn, like Monſieur *d' Eſpernon* the little Images of the

Court,

Court, assist them to wipe their tayls; t
offer their tongue, if there be neither Linne
nor Paper in the way. By that means the
shall obtain an Intercession, and that Inte
cession is All-sufficient. *Lignerac* can
nothing but laugh; he that is the *Amalg
ma* or Cement of the two houses of *Estre*
and *Lorain*. *Cachat* knows more than o
ly how to speak *French*. He it was th
made the Peace of *Provence*. *Varenne* bega
to learn to read but last Winter, and yet h
made up the Peace of *France* at the sam
time. Intercessions thus bestow the meri
as well as the reward. And therefore w
have it thus in our Prayer-Books, *Da no
ut mereamur fieri participes*, &c. Wor
which the *Huguenots* that laugh at them, d
not understand at all.

CHAP

CHAP. IV.

Of Purgatory.

GEntlemen, ſince you Courtiers will have a Purgatory, we muſt of neceſſity find out a place for this Purgatory, without going to ſeek it in St. *Patrick*'s hole, as *Henry Stevens* diſcourſes in his Apology for *Herodotus*. I find what he ſays to be very ſmooth and pleaſing, but it is not at all approv'd by the *Sorbon*. Truly were I to manage this buſineſs like a Divine, I fear me, I ſhould be very much puzzl'd. I went and conſulted Monſieur Confeſſor, who laugh'd at their Curioſity; I ask'd him, where any mention was made of Purgatory in the Holy Scriptures: But he produc'd me nothing but dark and doubtful Sentences, whence there was nothing of Truth to be collected. I enquir'd concerning the Fathers; he told me, St. *Auſtin* ſpake of Purgatory in his 11. Book upon *Geneſis*. In his Comment upon St. *John*, Treat. 47. And in his Book of the City of God c. 8. And in ſeveral other places, but finding nothing to the purpoſe, I reſolv'd to ſurceaſe all farther Theological Scrutinies.

For

to say truth, my Divinity-reading has quit bauk'd me; and I defie the whole *Sorbo* to tell me where it is. I also desire to know where that *third party* is, so much talk'd o in *France*, the dread whereof strook a fa ther stroak to the King's Conversion the that of Purgatory. Now I maintain that find this same Purgatory, and this third Party are lodg'd both together at *Nogent*. Some there are that place Purgatory in *Auvergne*, where they have also confin'd the Count of *Auvergne*. But he is deliver'd from this Ambulatorie Purgatory at the fortunate juncture of time, when all the fai Rooms in Paradise are all richly hung, and magnificently furnish'd for the Sons o Strumpets. He has nothing but laugh'd a the overturning of his Coach-man, and a ready to re-establish in that Sacred place those *Amours*, of which he was instructed in his absence. There are some other little Purgatories in *France*, but they make no great noise, because that pardons are so cheap there. The Grand Purgatory is then at *Nogent*, where the Count of *Soissons* at his Vestals fire, purifies his own Train, which is the *Third Party*, there where he hears talk of the joys of the Paradise of the Court, and laughs at them after the manner of St. *Medard*. Some Angels or Mercuries, such

as *Vaenne*, will visit him as they pass by: and they say, he will take leave of his good Lady, and return to undergo his full sufferings. The other imaginary accomplices of the *Third Party*, wandering thereabout, as being vagabond Souls for want of Earth and Battions to interr them. They farther say that *Nogent* is a very proper place to play at Fiste-Cuffs in; and that the *Third Party* which constrain'd the King to his Conversion, will soon compel him to persecute the *Huguenots*, or to make his condition alternative. The Count of *Lude*, having sometime since tak'n me for his Chieftain, asked of me whether I did not think his fortune to be very good. When you ride Post, said I, do you take any pleasure in a Jade whose knees are brok'n? He answer'd me, no. Consider then, that when this great Captain quitted the Deceas'd King's Party, on purpose to turn *Huguenot*; and then left the *Huguenots*, for that they had seen him set his tayl in the Manger at *Courtrae*, when he mutiny'd against all the appearances of the battells, and avenues of the Duke of *Parma*, when he ravish'd *Madam* invisibly, he has a Cure for all these accidents, as having seven times clapt his knees upon the ground. Now my dear friend Monsieur *Le Comte*, would you lay your Saddle upon an over-ridden

Hackney, with broken knees to boot? By such arguments as these have I seduc'd the Constable of the *Third Party* out of the Purgatory of *Nogent*. *Laverdin* would have thrust his Nose in; but they demanded money for his entrance; he told me he had made such a regulation in the first Army of the *Third Party*, that it should never oppress the people. And in truth I find that the Great Officers of the Exchequer and the Magazines have had leisure enough.

To this purpose they quote me the Answer which the King made, when the Count wrote to him, that he lay there to pray to God. The King to be quit with him sent him word, That he would take care to the end his prayers might be the more perfect, that they should not want fasting. The Thunder of St. *Denis* was found to be too violent for a Purgatory-fire, and forc'd the Thunderer to surcease his Determination. The *Tayl of Bourbon*, whom the *Huguenots* call the head of *Marotte*, and which Monsieur *William* never took for a man but for a shadow; This diminutive Priest turn'd over his Breviary, and met by good fortune with this Text of the Gospel, *Non habet filius hominis ubi requiescat caput*; and thereupon he said to *Bellozone* (he for whose sake it

it was reported; that my Wife is fair among the Asses;) that is to say, that my Brother has no place that holds for us. But Monsieur *William* opposes him, and says, that there are four places still left for the *Third Party*, places well protected from the fire of Heaven, *Sodom*, *Gomorra*, *Adma*, and *Iseboin*. The Author of the Visions of the said Master *William* treats very largely upon this subject. I shall conclude this Chapter, with a Remonstrance to the Authors of the *Third Party*, and of the third Place. Know then most zealous Catholics, that this Party is neither condemn'd nor absolv'd, as having done neither good nor harm, and therefore only reduc'd to Purgatory. Your misery is, that you are not authoriz'd by men of courage, but only by such as call cowardice, patience. The Pope has not establish'd Purgatory only by words. It was not your business to raise so many Disputes about the Princes of the blood; the Pope has setl'd Purgatory by fulminations, and you must have an Army of Thunderers for your design. He shews the Keys of St. *Peter*, as infallible Openers, not only of the Gates of Heaven, but of the purses of all Fools in general. There's a necessity also for the *pains* of St. *Paul* to be even with those that oppose the Decretals, and to

eſtabliſh the Third place. Thus when the *Lutherans* would diſpute it out, they were made to feel the fire of Purgatory by burning them that miſ-believ'd it. When the *Hugnenots* attacqu'd the Spiritual Canons, they made uſe of the Temporal. So that upon occaſion I have compar'd the Third Party to *Purgatory* which was only in *Potentia*. The other was never in Act, and indeed the Queſtion is of no great Importance, witneſs———who at ſixty years of age, marry'd a young maid of twenty, of whom he grew as jealous as a Tigre, and of a moſt jealous old Fool was made a moſt Catholic Cuckold. Againſt which he us'd all the Applications of *Hans Carvell*. His friends asking him one day, how he came to play the fool ſo? After he had rubb'd his Ears, and wip'd his Fore head, ſcratching the hinder part of his Pole, with a down-caſt look upon the Evidences of his frailty; Theſe *Hugnenots*, ſaid he, are the cauſe of my misfortunes. For in former times our Anceſtors had a reſting place to bait by the way, as they went to Paradiſe, but now theſe Tatterdemallions have diſmantl'd Purgatory, we muſt go directly to Heaven, therefore I got me this Hackney to ride now and then, as I ſaw occaſion, but never dreamt ſhe would have ſtumbl'd at this rate.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Of Justification by Works, and of other Acts of Merit.

ACcording to this holy method of arguing points of Divinity by Similitudes, there is no necessity for all Christians to trust to the Intercession of Saints. For there are a sort of honest people and of very good fashion, who gain Heaven without it, by their own brave and good deeds; as by the taking of one *Rouen*, to be made Commanders of *Tholouse*, *Narbonne*, *Carcassone*, and other places. Another to be made Governour of *Orleance*, *Bourges*, and the dependancies, another of *Poictiers*; another of the three Frontiers of *Bretaigne*. These are works by God's Authority, which have been justifi'd; and without saying, *ut mereamur*, they have merited, or at least obtain'd general pardon and favour. They that wrought these meritorious deeds have guelt the public Exchequers and are justifi'd thereby. Let the Heretics with their St. *Paul* preach Faith and Grace as long as they

pleaſe, theſe with their St. *James* F.—— St. *James* of *Spain*, have prov'd their faith by their works. Upon this ground it is, vain *Huguenots*, that we muſt not admit Juſtification of works to be difficult, after ſuch works have been juſtifi'd. They have obtain'd a Law, and this Law has been a Law of Grace; but when you ſhall have an occaſion to require a Law, yours ſhall be ſo lean and meagre, and got with ſo much trouble, that you ſhall be forc'd to confeſs with me, that there is a neceſſity of *Impetus* by works, and not of faith; you do not believe in the Popes Indulgences. Now mark but the Indulgencies of a King, who is not a Pope, and we ſhall find that theſe good works which you make ſcruple to juſtifie, are become ſo meritorious as to have gain d poor *Villars* the Admiralty of *France*. Other Marſhals, though they have no Mints of their own, yet can coyn what money they pleaſe. And whereas other ſuperſtitious Hypocrites ſpend their time & their money to buy pardons for ſo many thouſand years, theſe can ſhew ye thouſands of Crowns got in a few months. Inſomuch that the payments of the merits of the League being caſt up, the whole ſum amounted to above ſeven millions, ſeven hundred and ſixty thouſand Crowns. More then this, theſe

good

good works have extended their benefits and supererogations to others, who have taken lesser Towns and Villages under the chief Leader, so that the Followers have been canoniz'd for the super-abounding merit of the Commander. I do not bring into this rank, either *Merceur* or *Espernon*. They are yet to know more, what it is to trust in works. Now then let us see who they are that are so diligent in preserving their faith to their King and Countrey, believing *That the just shall live by faith*. These are they *That do deeds worthy of Repentance*, but not good works, not considering that faith without works al-a-mode is a dead faith. Whence it comes to pass, that some are starv'd to death; others attend in the low Court of the *Loure*, mangl'd Captains, consumptive Majors, maim'd Soldiers, wooden-leg'd Engineers, Spies and Discoverers, with their Stockins out at heels, that walk all together in the *Switzers*-Hall, and have nothing to do, but to exclaim against Madam Ingratitude *in genere petitorio, non suasorio*. Captains carrying the Basket, the poor Soldiers the Mattock; some shewing their wounds, others numbring the fights they have been in; the Estates they have lost, some mutt'ring libels, others modelling a Reformation and others

studying where to get a meal upon the Coin of Reputation. But some person or other will say, have not all these poor Miscreants by your relation toil'd sufficiently? Tell us some of their works; I answer, they were works of Iniquity, in regard it is an ill thing to serve the ingrateful: And *Limaille* reproaching the King with the long continuance of his services, and his patience; and how he had render'd himself irreconcileable to his neighbours for having faithfully executed his Majestie's commands, concluded his discourse with telling him he had not wherewithal to buy himself a Dinner: *Ventre St. Gri*, said the King, who was not wont to swear after the *Roman* manner, my Kingdom has been a pillaging for these so many years last past, why did not you rob something for your self? Rob as the rest do. *Nothing*, shews that works of that nature are not works; and by consequence unworthy of reward. The poor man continu'd to his dying day, and considering his condition, carry'd off the greatest share of the honour of the Siege of *Amiens*, where he dy'd in the Mines of the Wall; and this is call'd *doing nothing*. He that would see this subject more learnedly handl'd, let him read the King's Apology, compos'd by Monsieur *Catrier*, then chief Minister to *Madam*.

dam. The King ſhew'd it me for the ſtyle of *Madam de Rohan.* An Apology full of prevarication, which *Roquellaure* hearing read, cry'd out, *Mort dieu,* They that wrote this, how much do they know of our buſineſs? Some there are who accuſe *La Ruffie,* in regard that after a diſcourſe concerning the humor of the King, which was to puniſh good Services, and recompence Crimes, he ſaid to them that complained of his Majeſty, you ought to blame your ſelves not him. For ſince you underſtand his humor, if you expect rewards, you ſhould do well to merit them by works worthy of recompence. After that, he ſpeaks of thoſe who have the honour to be a kin to his Majeſty; and thoſe he renders worſe us'd, then the meaner Servants; which makes me ſuſpect *La Ruffie* to be the Author of this writing, wherein he calls himſelf one of the King's kinſmen. Witneſs the ſpeech that his deceas'd Mother made to *Madam* at *Bergerac, I recommend, ſaid ſhe, to your care that poor knave,* La Ruffie. You have more reaſon to love him, then any other; *For the ſame reaſon that I have known the King your Father.* So have many others beſides you, reply'd *Madam.* To which the *Perigordine* made anſwer, *ſo voſtra gratia prou intendi ſo l'honordi die garde & de la Compania, Carnaument.*

Afterwards *La Ruffie* was honor'd with the Office of a Spie at *Chaſtellerault*, where he did a deſerving act, for he ſtole certain papers, and was made Counſellor of State, and Cuckold general under pay. He that deſires to read more of this Story may read the Laſt Will and Teſtament of *Salbeuf*, a Gentleman of *Gaſcognie*, who though he were a good Catholic, accompany'd the K. in his flight from *Paris* untill the Siege, ſold ſeven Horſes which belong'd to his Train, making known to the King his daily loſſes. At length ſhame drave him away from the Court. But the deſire he had to dye in his Prince's ſervice, detain'd him in the Army, where he liſted himſelf in one of the Companies of the Guards, commanded by his younger Brother. It happen'd that when the Cannons had ruin'd the ſhops under the Gate *St. Honorè*, this very perſon deſir'd to be ſet the outmoſt Sentinel in the Ruins: whereupon, the King viſiting his Guards, and his Approaches in the night-time, the Captain from the corner of a houſe, ſhew'd him his Eldeſt Brother. The King ſeeing himſelf touch'd ſo to the quick, went away without ſpeaking one word. Some few days afterward, this poor Gentleman having again try'd the inclination of his Prince, at length o'recome with grief and

labour

labour of body dy'd; and though unlearned, made his Will; wherein he first beg'd pardon of God and then of the King his Master, for having serv'd him in his Amours with *Katharine de Luc d'Agen*, and several others; some of whom were also themselves starv'd to death with the Children which they had by the King. There was also much about the same time another Will made by the younger Son of the Chancellor of the Hospital, who having left his Estate, betook himself to attend the King in all his afflictions, and to stick to the Faith and Religion of his party, who thinking to have found a Sanctuary for his Errors at *Quillebeuf*, which of a small Village was made a Garrison, was shamefully repuls'd and disgrac'd by the Sieur *du Plessis*. Thereupon pronouncing with his own mouth, the Sentence of his death, he call'd for Paper, and made his Will, which contain'd much of the same subject: but more openly and plainly detecting the King's secrets: but his servants, violated the last commands of their Master, and surrender'd up the Copy, which as they say fully justifi'd my opinion concerning the Justification of Works.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

Of Miracles and Pilgrimages.

THE Deceas'd Cardinal, of happy memory, in regard of his birth, as being of the house of *Lorrain*, understanding that the Marshal *de Fervaques*, of happy memory also, had discover'd a young Girl; whom *Belovet* the Priest, otherwise call'd the holy man, had instructed how to counterfeit a *Demoniac*, or person possess'd with a Devil, on purpose to make out a Miracle the *Easter* following; this great Prelate pronounc'd *Fervaques* guilty of a high peice of Impiety, saying, That though Miracles were false, they were useful to make out pious frauds: and certainly he did a very great kindness to the Country; for in a place uninhabited before, in three years there were built up above fourscore Houses, and fifty Inns, which nevertheless were not sufficient to entertain the Pilgrims that came from all parts, and some of them Personages of great Quality living in other Countries. Now, were there no other Miracle then that of the building of the Houses,

Houſes, the far ſpreading, and the long continuance of an opinion firmly and really believ'd without any foundation, methinks there is no Schiſmatic, but ſhould confeſs it to be ſomewhat ſtrange; and indeed this it is which madds the Heretics, to ſee the people enflam'd with zealous intentions. True it is, that I would fain admoniſh the good Fathers that manage theſe things to carry their buſineſs a litle more prudently and cloſely. He that taught the Demoniac of *Laon* to bid us labour the extirpation of the Hereticks or *Huguenots* was a mere fool; for, as *Poſtell* obſerves, That would ſeem to intimate that the Devil is the commander of our happineſs. Therefore when Prelats deſign any ſuch Inventions, which are not well laid, or well diſguiz'd, they ought to dreſs them up again, poliſh and put a value upon them, not by oppoſing them, as did the Biſhop of *Angers* when two young religious Friers, full of *zeal*, brought him a young Lady, exactly inſtructed in demonology, who play'd her part ſo well, that ſhe play'd the Devil for God's ſake. The Biſhop caus'd the Demoniac to be brought before him, and made a moſt nice inquiſition into the buſineſs. He demanded which were the moſt violent ſigns by which they conjectur'd

her

her to be so cramm'd with Devils. One of the *Devil-masters* made answer, That there were two things by which they knew the violence of her Torments; one was, if her skin were touch'd with any Cross, but especially one that were made of the Wood of the true Cross; the other was, by her bounding, and leaping, and yelling, and roaring, when any Text of the Gospel was read to her. The Bishop had then about his neck one of those Crosses of which we shall speak in the Chapter of Relicques. For his Father, from whom I learnt the most secret passages of the deceas'd King's life, could not want Jewels that was so dextrous as he was, and so often entrusted with the King's Jewels. One of the *Devil-teachers* espying this Cross, pull'd up the Maid's Coats, almost as high as her Knee, as she lay upon the ground, and desir'd the Prelate to touch her skin gently with the Cross. Upon which this wicked Bishop pulls off his Cross indeed, but at the same time slily pulls out a Key out of his pocket, and touches the Girle's Leg; She, no sooner felt the cold of the Key, but she almost frighted the people out of their wits to see what Curvets and Capers she made. To make the second proof, the Bishop pull'd out of his pocket a *Petronius Arbiter*,

Arbiter, instead of his *Breviary*, and began to read *Matrona quædam* Ephesi: With that she fell a foaming at the mouth, and wonder-working at a prodigious rate, but when the Bishop came to read *placitone etiam pugnabis amore?* The Devil, who never lov'd in his life, grew so impatient, that the poor Creature not able to endure his twinges, sounded away upon the floor: upon that, the Bishop, like a demi-*Lutheran*, said, he could not smother such an imposture: but he had not read an ancient Doctor, who says 'tis better to let people go on in their Superstition, then spoil their Devotion. The Bishop was well reprov'd for his rashness, so that he did not shew himself so much a misbeliever to the second Demoniac that was presented to him, whose name was *Martha*, and brought by an honest *Capuchin*. She had two Devils within her, the one was call'd *Belzebub*, and the other *Astarot*. The first was a churlish, boystrous, hectoring Devil, a great Enemy to the *Huguenots*; he fought with all the World, and he had drubb'd Monsieur *Matros* of *Angiers* himself, had he not taken a good Cudgel in his hand, crying out, Mr. Fly-catcher *Belzebub*, if thou playest thy tricks with me, I will swinge thee like a Devil indeed. *Astarot* was an honest

honeſt Devil, young and gentle, who deſir'd that *Martha* ſhould be well treated and handſomely clad; in which Equipage ſhe was preſented to the Clergy of *Angiers*. The Clergy deſir'd that theſe two Devils of quality ſhould be firſt examin'd by the Church. One of the Judges of the City ſaid, that it concern'd their Honour, and upon the Examination of theſe two Spirits began to ſpeak Latin, and then Greek; at that *Belzebub* began to be in wroth and told 'em, if they would, he would anſwer 'em as well in Greek as in Latin; but the Capuchin, to furniſh the Devils with an excuſe, reply'd, my friend *Belzebub*, you muſt know that here are Heretics in the Room, and therefore I adviſe ye not to ſpeak at all. Then they went to poſing of *Aſtarot*, but he excus'd himſelf by reaſon of his Youth. *Belzebub* made his excuſe by ſaying he was a poor Devil. Upon that aroſe a great diſpute, whether the Devils were bound to go to School. The Lawyers maintain'd, that it was proper *in quarto modo* for Demoniacks to ſpeak all Languages, as he did at *Cartigni* in *Savoy*, who was try'd in 16 Tongues: So that the Miniſters at *Geneva* durſt not attempt to exorciſe him. They of *Angiers* were more hardy, who began thus, *Commando tibi ut*

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exeas Belzebub & Astarot, *aut ego augmentabo vestras pœnas et vobis dabo acriores.* The second time he was more fierce, *Jubeo ut exeatis super pœnam Excommunicationis majoris & minoris.* The third time in a peltring chase, *Nisi vos exeatis*, said he, *vos relego & confino in infernum centum annos plus quam Deus exordinavit.* The Counsellours were about to laugh, and to have discover'd the fraud, but the people mutiny'd, and the Bishop to make his peace, alleg'd that he had suppress'd a Catholic Printer by Excommunication, who was about to print a book of *Duplessis*, and that if they pleas'd, he would excommunicate *Hautain* of *Rochel.* That which is the greatest blot to the Reputation of these incarnate *mock-shews* is, that the affront redounds to our Lady of *Ardilliers*, there being a necessity for her Curate to cast out Devils by the power, and in the name of that good Lady, that scorn'd to stir at the name of God; which has mainly augmented the devotion and number of her *Pilgrims.* Some said, that this Miracle was reserv'd for precedencie's sake, to Frier *Ange, Lugulis*, Lieutenant to the grand Provost, and a great Adversary of these Fable-mongers, who would make us all turn Heretics; *but if I believe 'em*, quo he,

he, *would I were hang'd.* When I reply'd that he did not do well to speak so plainly, he made answer; that there were two thousand Souls in Heaven, and as many upon Earth, that would answer for him that he was no *Huguenot*: we laugh'd at him, and would not suffer him to raile the *Huguenots* blood, seeing so many lame, blind, deaf, leaprous in mind, as well as body, flocking to our Lady of *Ardillier*, and the whole Level full of comers and goers, who if they are not cur'd, it is for want of Faith, as *Belovet* told his *Pilgrims.* And therefore you are not to be scandaliz'd, to see the diseased return as they came; for the operation of the Miracle never appears, till after belief. Upon which score that Preist perswades some of the blind to say they did see, and some of the deaf to say they did hear when they did not. He had never a trick in his budget to help the crooked and lame, and therefore they had nothing to say, but only this, that they could not go at all before they were brought thither. According to that, *Obedientiam expostulat Ecclesia.* Or as *Bernardus Ochinus* says, *That the Miracles of the Mass are invisible.* He that knows not his Trade, must shut up his Shop. Could but the Heretics convert

into

into Miracles, the Cures which are done at the Hot-baths, they would have a fine time on't, and therefore our people have dextrously canoniz'd the foundations of *Pougnes*, and every where else eſtabliſh'd very paſſable natural Miracles. It behoves us to give a ſmall ſample of the Miracles of our good Lady, that ſhall endure to the Reſurrection, by the notable ſtory enſuing; *Madam de la Chaſtre*, being become extraordinary jealous of her Husband, and of one of her Daughters, reconcil'd her ſelf to the *Sieur de Montigni*, to whom ſhe had bin an utter Enemy before the Wars. Neither was there any need of much invitation to recal him to her friendſhip, in regard he was very much a freind to *La Marcouſſi*. The firſt office of Reconciliation was to kill *La Berthelemy*, the Diſcoverer of the Amours of the Father and the Daughter. And it was probable enough that the Murder would take effect, in regard that ſhe had in truth combin'd againſt *Montigni*. After all ſatisfaction and content in the beleif of the execution, comes poſt to the Houſe, riding a ſtraddle, *Madam Avoy de St. Lawrence of the waters*, who after ſhe had made the ſign of the Croſs, began the harangues of *Nathan* and *David*. Which being done, theſe two fair Ladies

dies resolve after Confession, to go and d
Penance at *Ardeliers*. Madam *Avoye* cau
ses a new habit to be got for her self; th
habit of Madam *La Castre* was put on b
Suardaine, and she put on the habit of Ma
dam *Avoye*: The Mistress call'd her se
Madamoiselle de St. Laurens, *La Sou*
daine went by the name of *Celestine*. Be
ing come to *Ardilliers*, the Curate of th
place heard the Confession of the Murder
with sighs and sobs: but at length it wa
concluded first by the Curate, and then b
Celestine, that our Lady should repair thi
loss rather by a Resurrection, then by a
Intercession. By which means it came t
pass that the poor ——— —— which wa
thought to have bin buried, was rais'd a
gain through the merits of the Curate. A
most delicate Vision, when after nine days,
Madam *Celestine* lying prostrate before th
Altar; her Mistress, *Madamoiselle St. Lau*
rens, holding the Curate by the tail, that th
Host (for there were no other Witnesses)
should behold the plump *La Berthelemi*
come from behind the Altar; who throw
ing her winding sheet to the ground came
forward to pardon her Mistress, then habited
like a penitent Sister; who presently fell
upon her knees before the naked Soul,
which she took at first for an apparition,

but

but finding her entire and every part safe and sound, Madam *Avoye* ran to embrace her, Madam *La Chastre* kiss'd her; after that they interkiss'd one another, and the Curate kiss'd 'em all four. The main trouble was to cover the nakedness of the parties risen, for the Pilgrims were out of patience to find the Doors of the Chappel so long shut: Thereupon Madam *Avoye*, and Madam *La Chastre* divided their own Vestiments: Madam *La Chastre* gave her her Petty-coat, and *Celestine* gave her her Cap, and so they carry'd her, crying out *a Miracle, a Miracle*, to the Curat's House, where *Montigni* lay conceal'd. He that would know the rest of the story, may see the Process in the Grand Council, which will not be cancell'd this Shrovetide, whatever it be the next. The Heretics commenting upon the Story, say, That it was a Sheep which *Montigni* murder'd, *La Berthelemie* her self had buri'd it in a Garret, and afterwards *Madam de la Chastre*, when she had danc'd the Canaries about the blood, and sung an *I am reveng'd*, *La Berthelemie* return'd, and assisted to draw away the dead body, and so threw it into the house of Office. They say also, that it was *Montigni* who caus'd Madam *Avoye* to take Post, to scare that enrag'd

enrag'd Woman out of her house, to the end that while she was from home, they might the better send away *La Berthelemy* from *Boyancy*, and convey her to *Saumur*, where she might be useful to her Benefactor, after her Resurrection, in his *Amours*. They say, That the Curate of *Ardilliers* was pay'd in good flesh, which *La Berthelemy* provided for him during the nine dayes; but that he found *Madam de* St. *Lawrence* and *Celestine* so lean, that he was satisfi'd with one meal. I could tell ye the whole Story, the Prisons broken, the Skirmishes between the Guards of *Mareschal de la Chastre*, and the Ladies Pages, the Preparatives of *Marcuffi* to poyson his Wife. But the Secretary of *Molier* of *Poiction* has wrote a Relation thereof to celebrate the Miracle, after which I was satisfi'd that it went somewhat beyond the limits of Theology. I will conclude this Chapter with the Epitaph made at *Ardilliers* by Madam *Avoye* in the style of St. *Innocent*.

Here she lyes, yet lyeth not;
A Mutton in her place was put.
Nor did Montigni, *as they cry,*
Murder plump Barthelemie.

That

That she was kill'd is truely said,
Because she shew'd her self so busie
To pimp for Wife of young Marcussi;
But the Preist of Ardilliers
Rais'd her sweetly by his prayers,
When fifteen Months she had bin dead.

If you find this Sepulcher in any other place, the treaty of Miracles requires it at your hands.

CHAP. VII.

Of the Relicques and Devotions of the deceas'd King.

ONe of the things which mov'd me most of all to contemn the Church, was to read certain books, which are utterly suppress'd (heaven be prais'd) at this time, as the *Book of the Merchands*, the *Christian Knight*, *Ransack and Fragments between the Pope and Christ*. But above all, the Inventory of Relicques; with several others which I will not name, for fear of sending to read them Wits too curious of their Salvation, and too much enclin'd to reject the works

works of authentic writers. One da
saw an *Austin* Frier, with a wallet on h
back, crying out, Will ye buy any Pa
dise. A *Huguenot* saw me scandaliz'd
the passage, and took his time to shew
all those little books which I forbid
persons whatever for the repose of th
Consciences to read, who intend to live
rest and quiet in the Catholic Religion.
is known that I have bin thirteen times
Embassadour, for which reason, as I ha
travel'd at another mans Cost, I have b
so ill adviz'd, as to justifie this invento
of Relicques, and another book entitl'
Le Cose mara viglioſe del almaCittà di Rom
The wonderful things of our Mother Chur
of Rome, printed at the same place, *An*
1545. with Licence of the Superiours, b
Giovanni Osmarino Gigliolo. This boo
confirms the Inventory which *Calv*
made. This I found in my Travels, an
the reading of such books taught me
contemn the Relicques of Saints, findin
15 or 16 Bodies of St. *Peter*, 18 of S
Paul, seaven or eight Bodies of ever
Saint, ten thousand Martyrs buri'd in th
compass of a small Chest; the prints o
the footsteps of our Lord, and the An
gels; the prints of the Buttocks of St. *Fi*
acre en Brie upon a stone. At *Josse* in *Al*
vergne,

vergne, in *Catalogne* and other places, a linnen cloth of the Virgin's own fowling; when she might have made the same excuse that *Rachel* did. The feathers of the Angel *Gabriel*. The Hatchet of *Joseph* the Carpenter. The stones of the Window where the Angel enter'd. The Virgin's Milk: At *Mailleraits, in una parva pursa satini Rubri*, the parings of her nailes. Several heads of St. *Denis* and St. *John*; in sundry places some of his blood, which they say boils upon his Festival day; and the sneezings of the Holy Ghost. As I was a Heretic, I laught at these things, and wondred at such a dissipation of the members of the Saints, especially when we reproach the *Huguenots* for having so far disturb'd their repose, as they have done already. I am also to desire the pardon of Monsieur Confessour. For I must confess in good earnest in this Chapter, That I have laught at the great blessings and benefits, which he caus'd to be printed the last year, for the reasons which the Reader shall find by what follows. I have strange stories to tell, to prove the virtue of Reliques. For I protest, I had rather see the *Huguenots* laugh at the great power and efficacies of St. *Goyaux*, then publish such stories as these, were they not common to Lacquayes and Pages. For we

ought to conceal the Vices of our Princes: but since they are discover'd, we must seek to defend them by the authority of the Statutes of the Holy See. St. *Luke* was the first that discover'd the Mystery. For he fled to *Brouage*, when *La Sarbarante* and the *Angel*, which he counterfeited, to terrifie his Master and rescue his own Carcass, were discover'd by his companion, the Duke of *Joyeuse*. *Rochefort* was too blame, to make the Anagram of St. *Luke*, *Cats in cul*. He poor boy abominated that sort of Villany, and was absolutely forc'd to it the first time; the King causing him to take a book out of a Chest, the cover of which the grand *Prior* and *Carmelle* clapt down upon his Reines; and this they call'd privately among themselves, *taking the Hare in a trap*. So clear it is that this honest Gentleman was forc'd to the trade, and thereupon so terrifi'd his Master, that he had either sorely repented or dy'd for it, had not the Duke of *Joyeuse* discover'd the enterprize, to prevent the utter ruine of his fortune. I do not think I do ill, to discover the story of the *Tapistry-maker*; for the King seeing him at the top of his two ladders wiping the dirt from the Candlesticks, became so enamour'd of him, that he fell a weeping before he went forth, and call'd

Ou

out for Monſieur *Le Grand* to be ſent for to him, who to him himſelf diſcover'd the love of one ey'd *Reveillon*, Captain of the Guides, who was laid hold upon, through impatience of expecting a young guide which he had promis'd; and thoſe Amours of the Duke, and of *Eſpernon*, and He, when upon the very day of the death of the deceas'd King, he fell upon his knees in the Chamber, between the deceas'd King and him that is now living, before two hundred Gentlemen, and which is worſe, the greateſt part of them *Huguenots*, at what time he cryed out, with tears in his eyes, Couſin, pardon me, for the King forc'd me to it at firſt, and I have not taken your place, to do you any wrong. *Eſpernon* aſham'd, but better adviz'd, reply'd, you talk like a Woman, I know not what you mean. *Siblot* at a public audience, the King having ſent for him to make ſport, and inform'd him touching Maſter ——— who to cauſe him to reſtore a Livery Horſe, fail'd in his bargain, to tax him with ſo much violence concerning his Governour, but becauſe he does not well explain his meaning, I ſhall ſay no more of it. However *Loignac* went away ſnobbing and crying all the way to *Poictiers*, where being viſited by the chief

of the Town, who thought him ſtill in favour, he made them ſad complaints of his Honour loſt, and of his being turn'd out of Service and not paid, almoſt all at the ſame time. After came to light thoſe of the Wife of *Salettes*, by means of a Letter taken, among the Baggage of the Duke of *Joyeuſe* at *Coutras*. St. *Severine*, for this very act afterwards call'd the *wild Colt*, having eſcap'd out of the King's Cabinet, by the overturning of *Dubalde* and *Soupitre*, who kept the doors of the two high Chambers, fled among the Guards to tell the Marſhal *d'Aumont*, that the King had ſent *Montigni* to find him out; and that he, joyful to be admitted into the Cabinet, made haſt away thither, where the King demanding of him, Who that Miſtreſs was, for the ſake of whoſe love he could never have his company, and he again replying in brok'n *French*, *that if he had a Miſtreſs of Gold, he would ſerve none but his Majeſty*, the King made anſwer, I find you take the Womens part, but yet you are not ignorant of the ſacred and philoſophical Love, *who I*, ſaid St. *Severin*, I am a Souldier, and no Philoſopher. Here the diſpute ended. For at the ſame time the Maſter laid hold of his Codpeice, *Montigni* flew to his neck, and Monſieur *d'O.* to his

points.

points. Now they run after the poor Gentleman to appeaſe the Guards, diſſatisfi'd with his Hat and his Cloak. The worſt was, that the old *French-man* had like to have kill'd him, after he had heard his tale, Swearing he'd be hang'd if this were true. More then that, he muſt to Priſon. That impriſonment compleated the Tragedy. He was kept cloſe for a Month, and ſome ſay longer. True it is, that afterwards he ſurrender'd himſelf to the Duke of *Mayen*: but thoſe of *Paris* not believing this ſtory, took him for a *Zopyras*, and ſent him to be kept in ſafe Cuſtody at St. *Germaines de Prez*; and ſome few Months after that, he was ſlain, together with two or three hundred Gentlemen more, attempting to regain the City. Stories like theſe, and many others were brought by the Courrier of the Duke of *Longueville*, from whom the King demanded the other Pacquet, before he had ſeen that of *Papier*; after which he return'd with his poſt-boy to carry the news of their actions into *Picardie*. The Conſtable's Courrier made the ſame complaints as far as *Languedoc*, above all things complaining of the Count of *Mauleurier* who produc'd him. But his Maſter reprehended him for bogling at a ſmall matter, and ſent him back again with

his pacquets. Is not this enough to ſatisfie the World, that theſe ſecrets were not divulg'd by me alone? Should I relate what the Prince of *Conde* privately told me, when they ſpent a whole night highly pleas'd in the Apprentiſhip of the Count of *Avergne* to his Navel. Or ſhould I relate the baniſhment of young *Roſny*, for being ill ſupply'd: Or of *Noailles* for having written over his bed theſe Verſes,

No happineſs, no good contents me,
That from my Deity abſents me.

To which the King of *Navar* added with his own hand.

Ne're exalt my Aunt ſo high,
She loves too well Humanity.

By that, a diſcovery was made, that he lov'd women, contrary to the Rules of the Holy Love, which caus'd him to be kick'd out of doors, like the Duke of *Longuevile*, for requeſting his Colours of the King by a Letter written in guilt Paper. Should I relate the Eſpouſals of *Quelus*, and that other Contract ſigned with the blood of—— and Monſieur *O.* by which he eſpouſed Monſieur *Le Grand*. Should I rehearſe the words

words of that Prince, kneeling by the body of dead *Maugiron*, with his lips where they ought not to have been, I ſhould diſpleaſe the Count of *Auravas*, who having lent them his Chamber, ſpy'd them through a hole in his Cabinet. Should I diſcover the door which the Conſtable made at *Tolembray*, for his private converſe with *Le Grand*, Men would blame my too Satyrical humor: ſhould I relate what was told me by *Le Pont*, how he was taken by the Coller, at a time when *Le Grand* was impatiently expected, who durſt not paſs by, for fear of the Duke of *Eſpernon*, who walk'd in his way, with his Hat pull'd down over Eye-brows, & Sword his in his hand ſwearing like a Bell-founder, There was no paſſing that way to day. Did not the young Deputies of the Eſtates of *Blois*, make their complaints to the Provinces that ſent them, That they were ſent only to be abus'd in their Chaſtities, as the only means to corrupt their Fidelity? But to draw advantage from theſe things thus divulg'd, I ſay, and I know (for my ſervices gave me the conveniency of acceſs) that the King having conciev'd a wonderful dread of theſe things in the time of *Sarbatane*, became ſo fearful, that he trembled at the leaſt flaſh of Lightning, or at the leaſt noiſe of Thunder. Mon-

Roe, cur'd him of the greateſt part of this fear, with an *Agnus Dei* bleſt by the hand of his Holineſs. But after that, he chang'd his fancy from active into paſſive, and grew ſo timid, that he was afraid of the whiſtleing of the very winds; and then the good Prince ſtood in need of more violent remedies, and by the counſel of Father *Ange*, who griev'd for him, and ſhew'd him, how he had committed Maſculine Inceſt, becauſe he was Brother to the Duke of *Joyeuſe*, they lay'd the foundations of the *Capuchins*, *Feroſolimites* and *Fueillants*, a ſort of begging Fryers that wear brown habits; where you have ſeen the D. of *Joyeuſe* in his Glory, and whither, as they ſay, he intends to return, when he finds himſelf fully glutted with the pleaſures of this World. Notwithſtanding all which, the devout Prince, being not yet quit of his fears; ſeveral Fraternities of Penitents were erected, and other pious Orders which are to be ſeen up and down in *France*. But the exquiſite artifices of the Voluptuous heighten'd theſe fears, when Monſieur Confeſſor lent his helping hand with more potent Amulets. He ſent from *Rome* for Chaplets, and bleſs'd beads, which the King preſented to the *Fraternity* of the Cabinet, being adviz'd to practiſe their pleaſures athwart the ſaid Chaplets;

lets; which was afterwards also practis'd in the public Stews of *Paris* to preserve them from the foul Disease. Monsieur *Pinars* affirm'd to me, that a Jesuit confess'd that he approv'd of the remedy, and because some of the sacred band had been too severely wounded in their Chamber-Wars, that the Mass was added, which an *Almoner* read upon a board which was lay'd upon the Bed of the Cabinet. A holy Mass no doubt, whose Ornaments were accommodated to the Sin: as the application of a Cross made of holy wood to the shoulders; Fomentations of the Chine, and Clysters of Holy-water, beads, which they call blessed, other wise profane trifles and fooleries. We have heard how about 20 years since the Convent of *Franciscans* was burnt at *Paris*, by fire from Heaven: but we never heard how that the King having found it out, that those *Franciscans* were dealers in Sacred Amours, and that the Reliques of St. *Francis* and Father *Mace* serv'd them in the same stead as we make use of Laurel against Thunder; thereupon the King made the Guardian his Confessor, upon condition that he should purloin those Reliques, which had not been long in the King's Cabinet, but the Convent was fir'd, *juxta il-*

lud 12. *tit.* 7. *Fulgura de sursum depellit.* The same Guardian also taught him that that sin was no sin in the Habit of a *Franciscan*, and committed with a good intention to be conformable to St. *Francis*, and Father *Macè*, his *Mignon*. For which reason they into whose hands the King's Prayer-Books fell, have shewed their familiar friends, the names of all those that are mentioned in this Chapter, and at the end of the said Prayer-books, the names of those he could not bring to his bow; among the rest *Chastillon* and *Chambret*, the first with his sleeves thrust back, to shew his plump white Arm, and his Motto, *non pro amor, ma pro vendetta*; *Not for Love, but for Revenge.* This is a kind of a secret, but not such a one as felt that fatal clap of Thunder, which in a clear day, at one of the Clock in the afternoon, in the view of five hundred Gentlemen, and as many *Swisses*, and with no more then one single clap, brake into the low Chamber of the Count of *Soissons*, where Monsieur *Le Grand*, and he were at their belov'd Recreation; and two others upon another bed; and parted company, killing two and leaving the third at the Window half dead; in this more memorable, that the lightning enter'd the Criminal members, and issu'd forth behind. And here

observe

obſerve the advantage of adorning the hair like a perſon in Orders; for the two which eſcaped had both the Popes Chaplets upon their heads; but they that were kill'd had none. I ſuppoſe that the fifth, who lay like one half dead for two months together, had loſt not above half his. Thus you ſee the Experience which authorizes Relicques, and take notice that you ſhall never ſee any of the Brethren of the Sacred Society without *Agnus's*, Croſſes, or Chaplets about their Arms. To the purpoſe of Relicques, that wicked Count of *Rochefoucaut*, dining one day with the Queen's Maids of honour, who peck'd at him by expreſs order, and ask'd him for ſome of the fine Relicques which he had plunder'd at *Towrs* in the firſt Wars, he reply'd, That he had made them all away, looking upon them as gewgaws and trifles. But they being importunate, at length he promis'd them, that upon condition they would all come and kiſs him, he would give them one of S. *Katherine's* Waſt-coats, that ſhould make their breaſts as hard as when they were Maids. For my part if I do not make ſuch a ſtir about Relicques, or do not worſhip them as others do, you muſt excuſe me; for going one Evening to *Boſnie*, two Leagues from *Orleans*, which is the ſeat of

the

the Maſters of St. *Lazarus*; I was ſtrangely ſurpriz'd, to hear in the morning as I roſe, ſo many little Bells about the Houſe, as alſo to ſee the Banner, and the Croſs, and a great number of the Canons of St. *Agnan* in *Orleans*, and not only ſo, but to ſee as many Banners and Croſſes, as could poſſibly enter into a little Gallery leading to the Houſe of Eaſment. The buſineſs was, a young Girl belonging to the Chevalier *Salviati*, grand Prior of the Order, had found certain Cheſts, which in the time, of the Wars had been thrown into the Privy. As ſhe was picking them open, to ſee what ſhe could ſteal, in one of them ſhe found a little box, upon the which was written *R. d. Coti.* The Commander being advertiz'd thereof, made haſt to the place, together with his Secretary *Valderio*, who took the *R.* with the Print, for the Father of St. *Katherine.* Thereupon ſtrict charge, was given not to touch the box upon great penalties, and the Maſter and the Man, went both to the Biſhop of *Orleans.* The Doctors, and among the reſt *Picard*, being call'd to conſultation, the reſult was, That this box was to be open'd by the Sacred hands of the Biſhop only, aſſiſted with the Neighbouring proceſſions. Thus they came one morning, and after a Maſs of the Holy Ghoſt

Ghoſt devoutly ſaid, the Biſhop waſhes his hands in holy-water, makes three ſteps to the Coffer upon his knees, opens it and there finds *a Box of good Marmalade of* Orleans; and thus as Propheſies are never underſtood till they are fulfil'd, they found that *R.* ſignifi'd the Remainder, and *d. C.* of the *Cotignac.*

CHAP. VIII.

Of Vows.

MR. *Peter Foncet*, a Gentleman Preacher, he that when Monſieur *d'Eſpernon* tax'd him for making people laugh, made anſwer, that he caus'd many more to weep. This honeſt man, one day preaching among the *Mathurins*, made a long diſcourſe upon the miſeries of the *Chartreux*, that they fed upon nothing but fiſh, of others that fed upon nothing that ever had life, of the *Capuchins* that wear nothing upon their feet, of the *Fueillans* that are ſo poorly clad, *& vivunt in diem*; of the *Friers Ignorant* of *Italy*, who dare not preſume to know any thing; of St. *Anthonies Porkers*

kers near *Roanne*, and the *Penitents* that whip themselves. This Preacher caus'd abundance of people to weep; and from all those Devotions, and austere Vows drew this argument, That if the Romish Religion were false, men would never keep Vows so difficult and uncomfortable. I invited the said *Foncet* and *Renardier* of *Bretaigne* to dinner, where we brought all his reasons to the test; and that fool *Renardier* put the other into a great heat, telling him that those austeritics of Vows and manner of living, were rather marks of a false Religion, then of a true. Witness, said he, that the Sacrifices of men were forbid to the *Israelites*, and observ'd among the Gentiles; and those mad Codsheads in *Turky*, the *Caloyer*, who all the year long wear no other covering for their nakedness, then Nets. Only they carry in their right hands a great Razor, with which they make a new stream of blood, when the first begins to close up: and as to their fasts and abstinencies, that from Wine, which is enjoyn'd to all persons, is the most difficult to be observ'd. When they fast, they neither eat nor drink. As to their Pilgrimages, where do we find so impetuous a devotion as that of the Pilgrims to *Mecca*, of whom there are many, who after the hardships of a tedi-

rus journey, and the ſight of *Mahomet*'s Sepulcher, put out their Eyes, as unwilling to ſee any thing prophane, after the ſight of a thing ſo holy? Afterwards he alleg'd the ſtrange zeal of the *Calignois*, and how we might find in the Grand Temple of *Mexico*, the walls beſmear'd with the blood of Infants offer'd to the Devil by their Fathers and Mothers, and this blood above two fingers thick, through the whole inſide building; which I have heard confirm'd by the *Franciſcans* of *Mexico*, and others. *Renardier* concluded from thence, that all ſuch inventions were very fanatical, or rather diabolical, which inforce men to ſuch hardſhips. Thereupon this good man Coxcomb fell upon Antiquity, and I cannot tell where he pick'd up his learning. Do you not know, quo he, that the *French* and *Engliſh Druids* ſacrific'd upon certain days, and accompted thoſe Sacrifices moſt acceptable, when they put men to the moſt cruel deaths? The *Carthaginians* took the Children of the moſt Noble Families, put them on Royal Apparel, and ſacrific'd them; neither were their Parents permitted to reſcue one, ſo that being vanquiſh'd by *Agathocles*, out of an opinion which they had, that their Gods were angry at the diſcontinuance of ſuch Sacrifices, they knock'd

knock'd o'the head above 200 young Gentlemen for the service of their Altars. The *Rhodians* and *Cretans* were wont to make their Victims drunk before they offer'd them up. In *Chio* and *Salamine* they tore men limb-meale to sacrifice them to *Diomedes*. The *Arcadians* whipt their Damsels to death. The *Spartans* did the same to their Children upon the Altars of *Diana* and *Mercury*. Others made a great Pen of hurdles, and fill'd it up with men, of which *Theopompus* was one. The *Thracians* slew their Victims with Lances at the Altar of *Tamelus*. Some of the *Germans* and *Burgundians* carous'd blood at their Sacrifices. The *Persians*, *Greeks*, and some of the *English*, buri'd their Sacrifices alive. I will not stand to repeat several other abominations practis'd upon Boys and Girls; and other follies committed by the *Corinthians* and *Bretons*. I say therefore that these austere and cruel Vows have been in all Ages a great part of the worship giv'n to the Devil. From thence *Renardier* betook himself to his *Theology*, quoting in the [illegible] chap. of St. *Matthew*, the words, *My yoke is light*, with several others, and told us w[illegible] my Masters, quo he, the best Vow that we can make is to St. *Mathurin*, for I assure ye that

* [illegible] men[illegible]

the wiſeſt among us is but a fool. All the World did not know *Renardier*; he was one that would ſpeak the truth to the deceas'd King, who deſiring to have his charges defray'd by his Marſhals of the Camp, told him one day that he did more then God; for he ſaid, *by the labour of thy hands thou ſhalt live commodiouſly.* But you, ſaid he, let your Marſhals of the Camp live more then commodiouſly, by that labour and calling, of which they underſtood nothing. At laſt *Poncet* was in a pelting chafe and reply'd, that he diſcours'd like a *Huguenot*. The other went on ſmiling, and began to ſpend his rallery upon the *Pythagoriſms* of the *Chartreux*, and other honeſt fellows, among the reſt, he did not forget Mr.—— Neither did he omit to tell us that Mr. *de Bouchage*, being weary of the King's ſcourge, and impriſon'd between four ſcreens, made his Confeſſion to one of his companions of the buttock-trade, who having heard of the violences of the Cabinet, perſuaded him to forſake the World, and urg'd it to him withal, that if he would undergo a *Capuchin's* life for ſome time, he doubted not but to ſee him Pope. This is that which the Cunning-man *Raoul* has confirm'd to him, and you ſhall ſee, ſaid *Renardier*, that from hence in time he will return thither, mark a

fool's

fool's Propheſie. *Ponçet* and I laugh'd at him: which made the good man very angry: well, ſaid he, you are a couple of as naughty Companions as Marſhal *Biron*, who ſcoff'd at poor Frier *Ange*, when he went to act the Paſſion before the King at *Chartres*, cauſing himſelf to be whip'd, and carrying a Croſs, that would have weigh'd down *Goliah*. There, was Monſieur *de Montpenſier* enquiring who was Maſter of the Ceremonies of this Mortality. Sure 'twas not he that flung away the ſpiggot of his *Gaſcoigne* Wine becauſe that Monſieur *Babelot* told him it was fit to be the blood of a Martyr. 'Twas he that to get a good gobbet, went to hear Veſpers among the *Auſtin* Friers. The Marſhal thereupon drawing himſelf aſide; this widgeon, ſaid he, I warrant ye fares well below the waſt, though paradventure he may miſs of Paradiſe. To whom the Duke return'd, by St. *Slaſh-back*, quo he, this fellow plays well, but that his Muſick is a little too ſharp. It was a Cantle of Earth, which he had rub'd off from an Oven as he drawl'd his Croſs along, for which the Baker was not forgetful with a good palt to make him ſing *Lacrimæ*. Such as you were thoſe devout Biſhops of *Lyonnois*, who called a Synod to reform the Cuſtom of St. *Anthony* in that

place.

place. They are oblig'd to make eight meals to shew the frailty of Mankind. There were some Jesuits, Frier minors, and certain young Bishops, who made smooth and long Harangs, to shew that such Constitutions might be alter'd *habita ratione temporum*. And that what our Ancestors had formerly done with a good intention, was at this day ridiculous. But to all these reasons the *sub Prior* of St. *Anthony*, who was a great snoarer, made answer only with one grave and remarkable Sentence; Let us not intrude Innovations upon our Age. They began again a very fair speech against the scoffers of this Age, but the *sub Prior* with four Chins retorted, le, le, le, le, let us——*Hickup*——take care, &c. But you'l say that under the umbrage of Devotion many great follies are committed. By St. *Anthony* I know it well enough, But it is none of the Churches fault. Who has exclaim'd more then I against the King and his Minions; who had like to have told it my Pulpit the following Story?

The King falling in love at *Lyon* with the Wife of the Sieur——The bargain being made with the woman by the Count of *Maulevrier*, the next thing was, how to cajole the Husband out of the way; so jealous, that he refus'd an honourable Employment,

ment, and a profitable Commission, as t
the Salt of *Peccaise* to boot. Thereupo
he applies himself to a *Franciscan*, Confess
to the jealous Husband, declaring to hi
that the Chief men of *Lyon* had their Ey
upon this poor man, as looking upon hi
to be a Heretic, because he was not of th
Fraternity of the Penitents. To the poin
answer'd the *Cordelier*; Sir, I am no such
fool to suspect you of Devotion. Speak
to me in the Language of St. *Francis*, an
you shall find that the *Franciscans* are good
Companions. By all that's vertuous then
reply'd the Count, we have a private kind-
ness for his Wife, and there are thirty
Crowns for thee. To which the *Francis-
can*, get yè gone, quo he, like Lords as y
are, and leave the business to me. Six
days after that, you might have seen the
poor Gentleman in the Vestry preparing to
carry the Cross as the youngest Novice.
In the mean time the King, the Count, and
Clermont d'Entragues go to play their Game
and in a short while after they saw through
the Window of the Chamber, the Proces-
sion and the Cross-bearer, who in the midst
of his devotions could not choose but have
strange Whimseys and Imaginations in his
head, which so intoxicated his *Pericranium*,
that he fell in a Swoon before his own door.

There-

Thereupon the Proceſſion ſtop'd, to change the Croſs-bearer. There was now a neceſſity to open the door, and to hide the three Adventurers in the beſt manner they could, in a ſmall Compting-houſe, where they had bin in great danger, but that the *Franciſcan* and one of his Brethren overrul'd the devout Cuckold, that it was a religious duty incumbent upon him to carry back his habit to the Veſtry. Who has exclaim'd more then I, againſt the deceas'd King, who carry'd the names of his Minions in his prayer books, illuminated with the light of St. *Francis*? Did I not know the Dutcheſs of *Guize* and *Nevers*, who carry'd *Roquemont* and the Baron of *Funel*, painted in the Crucifix both in their Prayer-books and Cabinets; and they their Miſtreſſes alſo in the ſame manner like the Virgin *Mary*? But you other Heretics, you do ill to blame the Church for this. I broke the deſign of *Poncet* by ſaying, that the invention of Habits and Prayer-books is no way guilty of ill Cuſtoms. But to reimburſe ye both, for your unlucky tales, I will tell ye one ſpick and ſpan new. What was the reaſon, think ye, that the Count *de la Chapelle* forſook the World? Whuh! ſaid *Renardier*, that was, becauſe the Cardinal of *Florence* fool'd him, and promis'd him

he ſhould be Pope. With that I ſhook m
head; Why not ſaid *Poncet* as well a
Pope——— who was taken up at the doo
a poor boy, becauſe the Cardinals ſhe
monky fell in love with him? Some ſa
ſhe lov'd him for the number of Lice he ha
about him. However it were, being onc
well cleans'd and furbiſh'd up, he pleas'
his Maſter, was afterwards advanc'd, an
call'd Cardinal *della Simia*, and laſt choſ
Holy-Father. At what time the Colleg
check'd him, that he had made a Beggar
and an ignorant Fellow, Cardinal, he re
ply'd, 'tis but the ſame that ye found in m
and if he live to be old, 'tis that will mak
him Pope. The reaſon was this; His Mo
ther being weary of him, partly becauſe h
was troubled with the falling ſickneſs, an
for that ſhe found him a fool, but chiefl
becauſe his Maiden Brother began to gro
ripe, ſhe therefore ſent him into *Italy*, an
gave him Father *Jeronimo* for his Confeſ
ſour. He knew ſo well how to pick th
worms out of the noſe of this Calf, tha
he made him a Confeſſion of ſuch ſins a
I am aſham'd to tell ye, for the expiation
whereof, he made him believe there wa
no other way, but for him to forſake th
World, and devote himſelf to the Church.
I know, ſaid *Renardier*, more then you

dare

dare say. I once heard at the Window of the Stable of St. *Denis* of one who importuning his Companion to tell him whether the Count *de la Chapell* were a coming? this answer was made, I know no more then I can divine, who had his Maidenhead; whether his Father or his Mother, his Uncle or his Sister. But to the purpose; this Vow being as severe as the Penance for his offences, as that which *Aretine* describes in the person of Master——— His Mother believing she should dye for grief of having born him, devoted him to be a Cardinal in humility. This is he upon whom *Pasquin* jokes; What has the Cardinal done, has he left his Eleemosynarie at the Hospital? At length Monsieur *Poncet* grew weary of the discourse and told us if you, and other sort of *Huguenots*, had not come athwart us, we had tought the deceas'd King the value of Vestments, shavings and secret Vows. For we had put him in the great *Chartreuse*, being fortifi'd with good Bulwarks instead of Reasons. We had Habited him like the Ingles in his prayer-books. We had chang'd his Crown for a shav'd Circle, and to bid ye God-buy and end our discourses, we had answer'd his motto, * *Manet Ultima Cælo*, with a Distic

* *The last Crown in Heav'n.*

that

that was affix'd to the Dyal of the Palace.

Qui dedit ante duas, unam abstulit, altera nutat;
Tertia Tonsoris nunc facienda manu.

Once two Crowns were thee design'd,
But the Donor chang'd his mind.
One he retook, and this doth shake,
The next the Barber is to make.

Farewel Gentlemen, I am sorry to see ye make such ill use of pious works. Thus *Poncet* took his leave, but *Renardier* said to make an end of his story. This is the reason said he, that the Bishop of *Xantes* is one of the best Companions in the world. There is also an Abbess in the Suburbs, whose Convent is more like a Court, then a Religious House. Where with *Maubusson's* good leave, at the Seige of *Pontoise*, there lay no less then eight godly Virgins sick of the *Crinkums*, and five newly brought to Bed. Let it not offend *Longchamp* nor *Mont Martre*, that this place was call'd the Magazine of the Engines of the Army. Nor let it offend the Trinity of *Poictiers*, *Vilmur* of *Albigeois*, *Lys*, the true Seminaries of Children in Red Coats; the Abby of the Holy Ghost,

Ghost, the Nunnnery whither *Sureſne* brought *Fervaques* ſome few days ago, and told the Abbeſs, who is her Daughter, that ſhe ought to ſhew the honour of her houſe to the new Duke and Peer, his deſign being only to debauch a young Religious Nun, which was the real cauſe of their journey. In half an hours time *Sureſne* return'd and whiſper'd her fellow-traveller in the Ear, Go fall on, *Mortbieu*, the Slut has put me to ſome trouble, but the buſineſs is done. Haſt makes waſt of the body, quoth *Fervaques*; for I have play'd two Acts with the Abbeſs. How? She's my Daughter: Then I am your Son in law, ſaid the other. The Abbeſs of *Xantes* is inferiour to none of them all, for Gallantry, Courtſhip, and Maſcarading. And in a word, there is nothing acted there, but what is acted at Court. Only ſometimes the Biſhop and the Abbeſs ſteal abroad to ſome remote and convenient places; and then the Nuns fall to their Oriſons, in regard that *Monſieur* and *Madam* are gone to perform works of Charity. Every one was much concern'd what pious works thoſe ſhould be: But the Prior of *Pont l'abbè* having diſcover'd them one day, wrote to Monſieur *de Potonville* the following Lines.

The Bishop and Abbess of Xantes
For their works of piety, Saints,
Are often in private together:
But a Nun more witty then either,
Made a hole in the Wall,
And there she spy'd all.
She was paid for her peeping,
For now she knew more
Of Piety-works then ever before.

He concluded with the answer of *Ve-*
ville touching so many piles of building
for the entertainment of Franciscans, Je-
suits, Capuchins, and the like; to pre-
vent the folly of men, that let fools put
out their eyes.

You Huguenots *that so severely frown,*
And all our Monasteries would pull down
Should Knaves and Fools change places
(tell us, you
Whether you would not think 'em then t
(sen

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CHAP. IX.

Of the ſeveral ways of Angling for Men.

WHatever St. *Peter* did, his Succeſſours have ſtrangely alter'd the courſe of his Veſſel. For all the while that the times of darkneſs continu'd, the Church of *Rome* has fiſh'd in the fire. They have not ſpar'd for Wood, by which means, they have conſum'd the bodies of them, who were too apprehenſive of the fire of Souls. The Converters of theſe times made it their buſineſs to convert the Soul by terrifying the Body, or elſe by converting the Body into Cinders. When day and light appear'd, and that fire began to be out of requeſt, then they fell to fiſh in troubl'd waters; and this they do in all times of troubles, and then ſeveral perſons exil'd from their houſes fell into the fiſhermens Nets. When the water ceaſes to be troubled, they fiſh in the calm, and then they never ſpare for *unguis odoratus*, which the Druggiſts of *Italy* furniſh them withal.

With this bait were taken the more weighty sort of fish, such as were the Marshals of *Montmorancy* and *de Cosse*. After that, they lay their baits for the larger sort of fish, so was *Antony* King of *Navarre* caught by *Ravet*, and *Lewis* of *Bourbon* by *Limeul*; but this latter being a strong fish, and feeling himself in the Net, brake the meshes, and so escap'd. Some there are, that are destroy'd by following the Dolphins; such are the *Dog-fish*, *Barbels*, *Macquerel* and all the lesser frie that follow the Court, who following their Master, enter with him into the belly of that profound and vast Whale, the Church of *Rome*. The little frie is caught with more labour, while they are put to force them out of their lurking holes by beating with their long Poles. By this means, there is ne're a small Parish in *France*, where the *Huguenots*, beaten out by good and holy intelligence, more then others, are not forc'd into St. *Peter's* Nets. The Winters of affliction caus'e several to remove to the Springs of Honour and Greatness, as the Courts of *Rome*, the Emperour, *France* and *Spain*. By this means, we have caught in these later Seasons several haughty minds, impatient of meanness and poverty, and among the rest *La Mirlas*, who not being able to reconcile

cile the lowneſs of his Birth, and the greatneſs of his Courage, remov'd to thoſe Springs, when the *Huguenots* were in a low condition. And alſo to draw advantage from others, he made uſe of a new artifice. In that ſomewhat reſembling the nature of the Dolphin, but only in the event. He carry'd his Believers to the diſpute with Monſieur Confeſſour. He admoniſh'd them firſt to take a care of him, as being a dangerous impoſtor, and exhorted them to ſtand firm; but afterwards ſuffer'd himſelf to be caught in their company. I ſaw him one day bring to the line of the Net the little Baron *de Courtemer*, to whom he gave his hand ſidelong in the middle of the diſpute, and cry'd, Courage, my little Baron; *however we ought to conſider what Monſieur* Perron *ſayes.* Thereupon with an artificial and ſanctify'd prevarication he ſuffer'd himſelf to be vanquiſh'd after a diſſembl'd reſiſtance. I my ſelf have ſeveral times bin diſintangl'd out of the ſame Net. Monſieur *de Chaſtillon* was inform'd by his Father's old Servants, That the deſign to bring him to Court was, as well upon his Body, as his Conſcience. Monſieur Confeſſour, one of the beſt Fiſhermen that has belong'd to the Church, has more luckily then others obſerv'd in theſe

Seasons, the way of fishing with the Line
For he has got a trick to put the worm f
far on upon the hook, that the fish is caugh
before it has swallow'd the bait. Witnes
poor *Desponde*, whose bait was laid for a
nother, and who having sacrific'd his So
for the Church, has bin so wickedly gull'd
that before he dy'd, he saw his Childre
go a begging, his Wife in the Stews, an
himself in the Hospital. Witness poo
Cabier who gap'd after the Abbey promis'
him, but saw nothing but the Walls an
the Steeple. The Holy men of forme
times fish'd with Preaching, and baite
their hooks with Salvation. But now
days we suffer that sort of coin to gro
rusty; for the fish is too much awake, an
will not be caught by licking the mat
Dandelot cost little, for he was taken wi
the hand, and that was a riddle to th
good Companions. I will say this mor
over in a word, for the prudence of Mon
sieur Confessour, that he fishes best in fi
waters. Not such waters as *Despond*
caus'd to swell at M. *de Guerres*: but be
cause he has an eye upon those whose Fa
milies are going to rack; like a Pond tha
drains it self through its own Sluces an
so becomes dry; as it happen'd in the ca
of the Baron of *Salignac*, when his Wif

converte

converted him. Some are caught by the foresight of such accidents, like my self, that I might fish on in still waters. Monsieur Confessour has taken the pains to come and fish and preach at St. *Merry*, in the face of the people: there where they take Frogs sleeping, there he preaches like a Deacon to a Subdeacon; His Brother and some others of his Apostles have a seat laden with good Livres just before the Pulpit. They open the bags upon the quotation of passages; they tie them up again as fast as they can to awaken attention. But this great Personage is so full of talk, that the greatest part of the auditory sleep three hours together, and get terrible Colds; and so the faculty of Theology becomes very profitable to the faculty of Physic.

CHAP. X.

Of Transubstantiation.

WE cannot say much upon the point of Transubstantiation; for it is more difficult to prove then pronounce, though the word be somewhat of the longest. But as Monsieur Confessour says,

confessing that it was an absurd point, yet it ought to be debated for the honour of the Church. Though not to dive too far into the will of God, he forbid me to read the most part of the Ancients, especially St. *Austin l. de agone Christiano*, c. 25. *De Præsentia Dei ad* Dardanum. c. 17. *in Psal.* 33. & 34. *In Evangel. Johannis. tract.* 27. *ad Bonifac. Epist.* 23. *In Sermon. Infant. l.* 3. *de doctrina Christi. c.* 9. & 16. He also forbad me to read the rest not corrected by the *Index expurgatorius*, and taught me to insist upon nothing in this dispute but Omnipotency. Now therefore hear the arguments which I have pick'd out of my own invention. Wherefore cannot we change and alter the substances of all things in the name of God, seeing we do the same thing in the King's name, whereby we see such strange Transubstantiations and Metamorphoses perform'd every day? The sweat of a miserable Labourer into the fat of prosperous Partisan and Treasurer? The marrow of the fingers of a Vine-dresser of *Gasconie* rejoices the heart of every one, and fills the belly of a Parasite. The tears of the Widow ruin'd in *Bretagne* caus'd *Santary*'s Wife to grow fat. The blood of a Souldier slain, to chace *Espernon* out of *Provence* turns to Hypocrisy. The *Host* of the

Rose

Rose at *Bloise* we find now transubstantiated in *M. Bussy Guibert.* The Imposts of *France* have transubstantiated the Plough-fields into Pasture, the Vinyards into wast land, and the Husbandmen into Beggars; The Souldiers into Thieves, with little or no Miracle; The Plough-joggers into Gentlemen, the Lacqueys into Masters, the Masters into Lacqueys, the Horsemen into Halberdeers. The Curtisans of Princes are transubstantiated into Women, and Women into Curtisans. Panders becom Marquises. *Varenne* has undergone such Transubstantiations would make your hair stand an end. Pardon *Morlas*, if he seemingly believe Transubstantiation; He who in his Cradle was chang'd from a Bastard of *Sallette* into the Son of a Botcher, and from that time bred up by the almes of the Churches of *Pau*; afterwards a Scholer at the Queen's charge; from a Scholer he became a Minister and Spie upon the *Huguenots* of *Paris*, from a Spie a *Gendarme*, from a *Gendarme* a Disciple of *Perron*, thence a Pandar, so a Traytor, and last of all Proveditor General. Who can rech'n the notable Changes of *Lansac Laverdin*, the *Marquis de Bell'isle*, *Monluc* and *Balgagny*? The deceas'd Bishop of *Valence*, who believ'd nothing of Transubstantiati-

on, what would he have ſaid to have ſeen his Son *de Champis* a Captain, from a Captain a Soveraign Prince, from a Prince a Poltron, from a Poltron an Exile, from an Exile a Marſhal, from a Marſhal a Cuckold; juſt ſuch another as Marſhal *Vitleau*? But that which convinces me more of the truth of Tranſubſtantiation is the Proverb, *Know thy ſelf.* When I conſider how many times I have bin my ſelf tranſubſtantiated, from a Sholer to a Councellour, thence to an Ambaſſadour, thence to a Bankrupt, thence to a Coney-catcher, thence to an Exciſe-man, thence to a Collonel, Captain, and Conſtable of Petty *Chalons*. It had bin alſo a fair argument to prove the wonderful Tranſubſtantiation, had Prince *Maurice* bin as quick to contribute the 400. M. Crowns, as they of *Bearn* and *Geneva* were the 10. M Crowns for the hire of my third Converſion: But let that paſs, only let me tell ye, had I bin Earl of *Burgundy* I had paid my *Swiſſes* in ſalt. We have ſeen the lower Hall of the *Loure* chang'd into a Comic-Stage, from a Comic-Stage into a Tragic; from a Palace Royal, into a place of Execution, when Preſident *Briſſon* and his Companions were there hang'd. To which I will only add the example of the Duke of *Mercœur* who

who from a petty Prince, became the King's Brother in Law; from thence Governour of *Bretaigne*, from a Governour a Tyrant, from a Tyrant a Duke, and in his own fancy the Terrour of *France*, and the hope of *Spain*. And indeed he is so transubstantiated, that the new Proverb of *Spaniards* calls him, The scorn of *France*, the shame of *Lorrain*, the disdain of *Bretaigne*. He is neither Duke, nor Tyrant, nor Governour, and he that had bin Victorious in Battel, has suffer'd that fair Fortune to go to Ruin, without the shot of one single Pistol; only one Scape which he let the other day in cold blood, in the presence of the King.

THE

THE CATHOLIC CONFESSION OF THE Sieur *de SANCY*.

SECOND BOOK.

CHAP. I.

A Dialogue between Madam Mathurine, *and young* Peronne.

I Have lately receiv'd here, such an odd piece of Divinity, that methinks I cannot but for shame stick it in among the rest, because it looks so all of a piece. 'Tis a very modest discourse, that truly considering the times, may very well pass muster. By the contents, you will find what a strange sort of Cattel our careful and providant Mother, the Church, employs to bring

bring men back into the broad Roa
Dame Matburine, that *Mad Girl*, was co
ming from Madam *de Monlukes*, where h
had been tutoring *Vignoles*, and met wit
Perronne going thither to perform the sam
Office. He blush'd to see *Matburine*, an
stroking his bald Pate, thus accosted her
Well met, Madam; I hear you boast abou
the Town, how you have converted S
Mary du Mont.

Matb. Who told you this merry news
my good friend?

Per. By my troth, 'tis very probable—
you are, indeed, a dainty She-Divine.

Matb. 'Tis very true, where men are t
be converted by Smock-learning. An
now I think on't, don't you remember
that he engag'd to meet me this night
With that, I went to carry the joyful news
to your Brother, and as good luck would
have it; for twas somewhat early i'the
morning, who should I meet but Mada
de la Court just tripping out of his Cham
ber?

Per. Hold, my dear brisk Madam, hold
a little, you do ill to bespatter so renown'd
a Prelat and Father of the Church.

Matb. Why Sir, —— such delights and
innocent sports as these don't hinder the
work of Conversion. Besides, *La Chesnay*

is a witness; for he going to visit him, as I did, a little more early then ordinary, saw fairly in the Chamber the accoutrements of a certain female among the sanctifi'd Garments of thy Brother in Orders.

Per. Pray leave off these gigling stories; I shall be angry else at your impertinence. I don't say but that Mr. *de St. Mary* gave you a promise; but the day before I had made a handsome progress i'my undertaking: For the day before that, I had caus'd three whole Porters loads of Books to be sent in to the Lady Marquesses Lodgings.

Math. Think you that I am ignorant what game you were at instead of disputing? But I would have you to know too, that 'twas I that first tickl'd his honour; 'twas I that play'd the same Ledger-demain with him below the wast band, as I did with you when we were first sweet together. I taught him to be a good marksman, and to swim without water. Thou didst not so much as speak with him all two months after that, at least, and then you were forc'd to wait wi'your gravity, when I was still sent for, and circumspectly usher'd in.

Per. Truly your Introductions were very Ceremonious — but can any man imagin,

gin, that with the air and levity of a Curtizan, thou should'st be admitted to talk of such a difficult matter as Converſion?

Ma. And can you imagin, by that ſilly invention of yours, of interpreting the familiar Epiſtles of *Cic.* to become familiar with him? I have heard *La Broſſe* the Pedagogue ſay, that when he was Regent of the third Claſſis in *Burgundy*, he would have lath'd his boys, if they had not tranſlated better.

Per. Do you think I have taught him nothing elſe? He was at firſt a meer Novice, and a block-head——I have taught him to cite the Fathers, without ever reading them; to quote the Councils which he never ſaw. I have not only taught him to chop Logic like a *Sorbonne* Mountebank; but to talk of State affairs, to admire the great Kingdom of *Spain*, and to propoſe projects of Government according to the humour of the Church of *Rome*. Inſtead of naming the Pope, I have taught him to ſay his *Holineſs*. Inſtead of calling the King, the *King*, I have taught him to ſay ——*His Majeſty*. Before he cry'd —— plain *Little Roche*, *Zamet*, *Varenne*, as if they had been meer Dwarfs, Lackies, or Turn-ſpits. But I have taught him to ſay Monſieur *Varenne*, and to ſnarl out the *r.* with a grace. He began to laugh, when I told

told him that to ſpeak otherwiſe was a piece of High-Treaſon. But I ſhew'd him how that unmannerlineſs only befitted moroſe Antiquity, and that to honour by halves the Darlings of a King was below the Politeneſs of this Politic Age. I have taught him alſo with his right fore-finger and his left Thumb to thunder out Maxims of State, to diſcloſe and complain of diſtempers of Government, to nod his head and cry *mark the End on't*; to accept of a fair proffer, to mind his fortunes; and to ſeaſon his diſcourſes with the true terms of Art; as for example, *To have a-jealouſie, to ambitionate, intregue, to take his meaſures*, and the like,——the true Phraſes whereby a man may be judg'd capable of buſineſs.

Math. A Coxcomb you mean — I confeſs I have not taught him ſo many ſcrapps of State—Gibberiſh.——But I have taught him all his Clock-work Motions to a hair—to walk as upright as a Gentleman-Uſher—to bow often——and not to laugh without a ſerious cauſe——I gave him the Poſtures of Monſieur *Le Grand*——I taught him to turn his heels inward——to walk in State like a Gooſe——to ſhrink up his ſhoulders——to give an admiration—ſtart——to ſcrew his head gently a one

ſide

side upon dislike——all the quarter and half quarter Motions of the Al-a-mode scrape—to laugh a one side of his mouth—and grin like a Dog when we give him Garlick—to speak i'the Throat—to comb his Periwig——at least while his friend speaks—to cry by my faith——hay——instead of plain by my faith, I have taught him, and that quickly too, all the knick-knacks of Admiration——as Jesu! drawl'd out—*But that you say it, I should never——well'——He!—Ave Maria!*—When he meets any of the painted Ladys of the Court, to make a stop, and cry—how beautiful you appear to day, Madam! fair as the new blown Rose—and then to discourse of the colour of her Ribands according to Art, and not to take notice how ill they become the Rotten Harlot. I have taught him to dissemble like the Court Marquesses, who are scarce worth groats a piece——I have taught him to pull his hat down upon his Periwig, though he wear his band without starch, as when high Collars were in fashion. I gave him six of these bands the other day, that reach down half way his back, and as many pair of Cuffs, that turn up to his Elbows.

Per. Truly you very much oblig'd him——For when he went the other day, to dine

dine with the Marquess of *Bevorin*, after they had wash'd, the Marquess *d'Arly*, sneering at the strangeness of the Vision, took one of his Cuffs to wipe his hands instead of a Towel. But I have taught him more serious Lessons; as to guess betimes at such as are creeping into favour; to cry, Monsieur, twenty times in forty words; to pretend modesty and respect, and to withdraw into a Corner; to Complement the Servants of those that the Sun shines upon; and not only the Servants of Princes, but also of the Counsellors of the long Robe, as ——*D'Aubeville*, and *Caumartin*, men learned in the modern laws; who know how to manage a Court Cause, and to take a Dinner at the Chancellor's by way of return.

Math. Do you say, there is nothing in the motion of the hand, nor to order the folds of the band, according to the mode? Are all the Mops and Mows of *Fecan* nothing? which caus'd the Marshal *d'Ancre* to call him the fair *Egyptian*, and the only Minion among the Beautiful——In short, I have enter'd him; for which he seems to be so much endebted to me, that he curls and turns up his hair like a very *Narcissus*.

Per. Go—go—by St. *Denis*, you are a meer baud——In a word let them dare to say

say at *Rome*, that you have converted St. *Mary*. What will the *Huguenots* say?—They'l say, that to bring Whore-masters to the great Whore of *Babylon*, bauds are the only decoys.

Math. How long, dear Brother, have you been a despiser of the Trade? How did you get your Living, before your Brother came to be a Bishop? Have you forgot your frolicks at the University with the Book sellers, and Chandlers Wives? I could name ye twenty, that have hir'd ye for fifteen pence a time. But now since your Brother has set ye a Horse-back, and hung that furr'd Cloak upon your shoulders, now all your attempts are upon Counsellors and Presidents Ladies——as if thou we'st aiming to be Pandar General to all the Courts of Parliament, and so by degrees to the Court it self. Why should your ambition seek the Ruin of Madam *Tillet*, and my self, by taking away our Trade? She brings forth only to get Credit; and I, that am a poor Maid, had need to make use of all my parts. A my word—if Madam *du Tillet* once give ye a blow o'the shins, there will a scar remain. I hear that the Queen has already said to the Marchioness of *Guercheville*, *I understand this* Perronne *begins to delight in Ruffianry*,

Per.

Per. By St. *Francis*, thou art a foul mouth'd Bagpage, I care not a fig either for *du Fillet*, or *Tignaville* either —— How dar'ſt thou ſpeak to me at this rate, thou that art a common Proſtitute to the Foot-boys, Pages and *Switzers*? Thou that has't ſent *Le Pont de coulay* and *Engoulevent* to the Surgeons already; and in ſhort has hanſell'd *Vignoles* alſo, under the pretence of converſion. Thou that haſt got a Horſe to thy green Velvet Gown, as a reward for the maiden-head of thy little —— offer'd up to Monſieur *Le Grand?* I name no body. Thy very skin is parch'd, thy head ſcorch'd with the flames of thy Luſt: Thou art a meer Carcaſs above ground —— Hence to the Devil —— Thou turn'ſt my ſtomach to ſee thee.

Matth. How! ye ſtale Fornicatour! *Sodomite* both Active and Paſſive, Does your Church preferment make ye grow ſawcy? Don't I know that thy Brother ſold thee to the Luſt of the Abbot *Tyrone*? Shall I publiſh to the World what I know of thee, and of thy Amorous God-father, and then reck'n up as many Sodomies, Beſtialities, Witch-crafts, and Poyſonings, as are mention'd in two books call'd *L'Abolition de la Fin*, and in the Legend of St. *Nicaſe*?

Per. Morbieu, Don't let me lay my hands on

on thee—— If I do—— I shall tye that tongue of yours.

Math. Do and ye dare——Tom Totty ——there's *Flamberge* will pay ye off ——don't venture upon me neither, you know I have been shot through the thigh already, and am a piece of a Souldier.

Per. I know thou hast bin a Souldier, as having march'd with the Regiment of *Picardy*. But why should we play the fool and upbray'd one another, that are both of a feather? Be satisfi'd, that I am the person that has converted *M.* St. *Mary*. I did it by the Arguments of Visibility and personal Succession.

Math. Thou art a lyar——For he answer'd thee, that If a Visible Head were needful in the Church, there would be requir'd also a Visible Holy Spirit. And to thy argument of the personal Succession he reply'd, Where should be then all the Bastards, seeing that the Priests were none of them marry'd? But I surpriz'd him——having lain two or three nights at St. *Martin*, to understand the arguments of *Dr. de Cabier*. I taught him, that *Cain* sung Mass, and offer'd up the Sacrifice of the Altar, in the person of *Abel* his brother.

Peron. Marrain take him—— there's a foolish

foolish argument indeed —— does *Cabier* pay his Hostess with no better coin? Have not you bin playing the little man?

Math. Not I by my Virginity. He must sweat once more ——

Per. I mean, have not you bin helping him to blow the soft fire under the Egg-shel, with you know what in it, together with the Crimson Silk, and the Magicians choicest Dyet, the little Mandrake, &c.

Math. Indeed he shew'd me in his Closet, that which they call the work of the Creation, but stay till thy hair be grown, and then we'l speak more of that.

Per. Thou wilt do me an injury at one time or other in my Visits to the Princess's Palace. But as to thy argument; were it true, *Judas*, the Jews and the Murderers of Christ had bin the predecessours of our Priests. But I stop'd him and put him to a non-plus with an infallible argument. For quo I, do you believe the Pope to be Anti-Christ? —— Yes —— said he— Then said I, This Anti-Christ is to sit in the Temple of God, which is his Church: Therefore the place where the Pope sits is the Church; and the Church, that cannot err.

Math. I remember you did argue thus learnedly

learnedly with him, and that he w
mute; but at night he told me that it ha
very much perp'ex'd him, that there wa
no other way to prove the Church o
Christ, but by the Kingdom of Anti-
Christ. To which I answer'd him wit
another argument, invented by *Bonniere*, o
else by *Guedron*, and *Gouroy*, who hav
converted him.

Per. Oh! I confess that might wel
be ——— for he chose rather to cr
peccavi, then take upon him the superin-
tendency of *Chartreux*.

Math. Pray give me leave to speak——
The *Huguenots* say that the chief of th
Church of *Rome* are Thieves, and such a
prey upon the poor people. Now the Tex
says, *My House is a House of Prayer, bu
you have made it a Den of Thieves.* Ou
Church is a Den of Thieves, and therefore
that House of Prayer of which the Text
speaks.

Per. By St. *Dominic*, I must needs tell
thee thou art a quaint Slut—— The rea-
son is profound and good; and of the same
nature with that which is concluded upon
these words, *The Scribes and Pharisees sate
in* Moses's *Chair.* Now our Works and
Doctrine shew us to be both Scribes and
Pharisees, and therefore we sit in *Moses*'s
Chair.

Chair. But to pay thee with thy own coin, I will tell the another argument which I keep a purpoſe for *Vignoles*. To prove that St. *Peter* was at *Rome*, we cite his Epiſtle, where he ſends his Recommendations from thoſe that were with him at *Babylon*. Now we cannot deny to the *Huguenots*, but that *Rome* was thus call'd, eſpecially in the Revelations. Seeing then that *Babylon* is *Rome*, St. *Peter* of neceſſity wrote from *Rome*.

Math. This Reaſon may ſerve with the help of *Monluke*—— Well—— convert as many as you can—— I'le do my endeavour—— I hope to debauch ſome of your brother Apoſtles, as I have already done by the Trumpeters of his praiſes, *La Broſs* and *Beau Lieu*—— I will give them ſuch variety of diſhes, that they ſhall talk of my Converſions, as they have begun at the *Lady Conſtables*, at a Dinner, where they declar'd, That I had more enclin'd St. *Mary* to be converted, then your brother, the Maſter-worker of Converſions. Alas! men are tir'd with expectance. Thy brother was promoted by the Encomiums of *Abbot Tyron*; but no body is promoted by the Recommendations of your brother. So that they have very fairly told me, they will cry him up no more. Wherefore has not he

satisfi'd them, since they were hir'd to cry him up?

Per. As for *Durct*, the Devil's in his tongue; He was so impudent one day at the Arsenal, as to say in my hearing, that he would never Dine where the Abbot and my Brother were, if the drinking Glasses were not mark'd, because the one was rotten with the *Neapolitan* disease, and the other with the Leprosie. 'Tis a brave World, when such smell-feasts as He shall compare themselves with my brother. In my opinion they deserve the same sharp rebuke, that the Count of *Tonnerre* gave to *Beaulieu*, who talking of a Masquarade, cry'd ever and anon; *the Counts of Soissons, Auvergne, and I.* Whereupon the Count of *Tonnerre* put him in mind of the Fable of the T——S. *We Apples also swim.* My Brother is none of their friend, nor will he ever assist them to unravel this yarn. They shall not swim together, because the Count has commanded the Captain of his Guards to cut off his hands, and cast him into the River. Thereupon he went to the King, and upon his knees besought him to give him a Grant to commit a murder, which was to be done the same day the Grant was made. Was it not a cursed peice of Impudence to report, and write

write in Rime doggerel, That the King and Monſieur *Roſny*, to ſave Charges, were about to diſmiſs the Comedians: Tho 'tis true indeed that the King, out of his particular inherent, wiſdom, has bethought himſelf of a neat ſham for the poor Players. For he has threaten'd to ſuppreſs them, unleſs they will admit him in without paying; which liberty he has alſo attain'd for Madam *Marchioneſs*. So that now they ſay they have a Play every Month which coſts them nothing. But notwithſtanding all this, this Varlet *Duret* (perhaps he aims to be Treaſurer himſelf) ſtill adviſes the King to put the Players down, telling him, That he has a compleat Company in his own Houſe. That he had for a Captain *Upance Vitray*, well pepper'd with the diſtemper; The Count of *Soiſſons*, who playes the Doctor, when he reads his military leſſons like a School-maſter, at the door of his Cloſet. He ſays the King has provided among the reſt, that the *Italians* ſhall act *Gallows take thy due*—— being already like to ſtarve; but there are Camp-maſters and Captains in the lower Court, who are as able to act that part as they.

Math. In good faith, thy Brother would do well to ſhew 'em the way at a diſtance—He had little to do, to diſcontent *Sallette*, &

another of his Apoſtles, for that Strumpet *Condel*. But he cannot endure a companion, and therefore he cannot endure himſelf. And ſo you, becauſe you have got a little Latin by ſurpriſe, cannot endure that I ſhould ſhare with yee, in the Converſion of St. *Mary Mont*.

Per. If there be any difference between us two, the younger ought to ſubmit to the elder by right of Nature.

Math. Take heed of eſtabliſhing that maxim, and adviſe your Brother likewiſe; for the *Huguenots* would make a wicked advantage of it. Don't you know very well That all the Catholic Ceremonies of *Calicut*, where the Church viſibly adores the Devil, are like the Ceremonies of the *Roman* Church, both in reſpect of their Monks and Nuns, their auricular Confeſſions and Faſts. Nay their chief Prieſt is likewiſe call'd *Papa*, having alſo a Papal Crown, which has not one nail leſs then that of *Rome*. The Jeſuits excuſe it, by ſaying that the Devil is God's Ape upon Earth. But the *Huguenots* on the contrary maintain, That the Pope is the Devil's Ape, for that very reaſon which you have alleg'd, becauſe the Devil is eldeſt.

Per. Speak ſoftly, the Devil's a fool. See yonder the Baron of *Salignac*.

Math.

Math. 'Tis all one, he's one of my choice Fathers.

Per. Proſelytes thou meaneſt, diſſembling Hypocrite as thou art. So, —— he is gone by; ſometimes he curſes himſelf for having bin converted, and at other times he never minds it: I would not for twenty good Piſtols, that he had overheard us; or any other, who was not well reſolv'd in his mind. Thou haſt call'd me Pimp, and I have call'd thee Whore, which is the more honourable of the two? Who would think that ſuch Doctors are fit perſons to recall revolters from Hereſie, or to ſave Souls that are in jeopardie of Perdition.

Math. For thy part, Pimp-major, as thou art ſuch a one, it is a thing without example. In reference to my ſelf, it is not ſo, who as I am a good honeſt inſinuating Whore, may promiſe my ſelf better ſucceſs, for ſuch a one was *Rahab*. There's a preſident for yee. *Rahab* the Harlot, thou knowſt receiv'd and ſav'd the Spies of *Iſrael*. Thus have I done; I have ſav'd *M.* St. *Mary*, who though he were no Spie of *Iſrael*, yet acted as one of the King's Spies among the *Huguenot Iſraelites*.

Per. Give me thy hand —— I am thy humble Servant; and if ever I hear any body ſcandalize thee, and ſay, that

thou haſt giv'n St. *Mary* the foul diſeaſe, I will tell 'em, no. —— thou haſt it ſtill i'thy own cuſtody for them, if they pleaſe.

Math. Go too, ſay thou haſt found a Miſtreſs of me—— Good morrow—— I'le go and repeat all our diſcourſe to *Gudron.*

CHAP. II.

Of the re-union of Religion.

IT being a task of great difficulty to deſtroy the opinion of the *Huguenots* by Diſputes, we have deſign'd what is more probable, a re-union of Religions, by the diſcoveries and intelligencies of the gain'd Miniſters: but of ſix that there were, there are five dead, and one baniſh'd. Without doubt there would be no great danger for them to quit ſeveral Theological Tenets, provided the authority of the Church and the Pope remain entire. The reaſon is plain, for that they having ſubmitted to the authority of them, they might eaſily afterwards loſe their arguments by virtue thereof. And when our Jeſuits made oppoſition to ſeveral Articles, which the other

were

were willing to grant, they did not ſmell the deſign, in regard that ſome of them aim'd rather at a civil War then peace, of Conſcience. Now you ſhall ſee what we, of the other Club of honeſt good fellows would have had the *Romiſh* Church let go. Firſt, That the obedience ſhould reſt in the *French*, provided they diſmiſs'd ſome of their Drolleries which caus'd the people to laugh, as the beginning the Maſs with an *&c.* and other abſurdities, which are diſtinctly and ſutly diſcuſs'd by *Bernard Ochinus* in his Treatiſe *della Natività della Meſſa*. As to the Ceremonies, take away the moſt ridiculous, and for the reſt, make anſwer to what *Bernard Ochinus* ſays, That it is the Lord's Supper diſguis'd, and clog'd with Ceremonies to make it appear more holy. Next, that the Prieſts ſhould be permitted to marry, and to leave their Wives when they grow irkſom. In all caſes to make uſe of the holy Decree, and its liberties, as you find it in the Canon, *it qui non habet uxorem, loco illius*, &c. It is notably ſaid in the Rubric of the Decree, *Quod qui non habet uxorem, loco illius debet concubinam habere. Ita nefas Epiſcopum creari niſi ſaltem unius Concubinæ dominum.* Diſtinct. 34. qu. 9. per de var. ſtud. Vol. l. 4. ſect. 5. *Villavinceni* ibid c. 4. Were theſe privi-

leges rightly obſerv'd and eſtabliſh'd, he were the ſon of a Whore that would not be of the Church of *Rome*. Then we would aboliſh all Faſts, unleſs it were to the poor, and the ſick; diſmiſs the Terrour of imaginary Purgatory, yet without any injury to the mediation of Saints, for fear of ruining the Church. I do not without reaſon adviſe the abolition of Purgatory. There is nothing has made ſo many Souls very curious of their Salvation at their latter end, as the ſtory which follows. A Prieſt when he comforts a ſick perſon, tells him, That the pangs of death are the entrance into the Gehenna's of Purgatory; A Miniſter teaches him, that they are as the pains of Childbearing, that lead into eternal life, and builds his argument upon this Text, *This day ſhalt thou be with me.* I will boldly ſay, That the *Index expurgatorius* ought to take notice of this paſſage. Now the reliſh of theſe two differences of dying, has caus'd ſeveral good Catholics to renounce Purgatory upon their death beds, where the hopes and fears of this world give way to thoſe of the other. We would have allow'd them for their Markets, Wedneſday and Saturday, Lent and Vigils, but that Policy has otherwiſe order'd it, and thus we had made a perfect peace with St. *Paul* in the 4. of

of the 1. to *Timothy*. This is also a forgetfulness of the *Index*. Also we ought to withdraw these marks of the Faith, of abusers, of Preachers of lyes, Hypocrisie, and the Doctrine of Divels. *Calvin* could not have said more. That no person read St. *Paul*, till the agreement be made, and firmly sign'd, and the pensions of the consenting Ministers well assign'd. At the same time the other Church shall reassume their Pomp, their Music, their Dancings, great Feastings, and the vast Revenues of their Church. These Ministers I would they might keep their Coaches, Hounds and Haukes. We would have established a free Liberty, especially to expel that troublesome Discipline that has lost us so many good people. We would not have accompted for sins, simple Fornication, nor Adultery for love, according to *Cabier* in his learned book, upon the re-establishment of *Bourdeaux*, and his admirable dispute upon the 7. Commandment. I say the seventh, because we have releas'd the second, which the Council of *Trent* would needs take away. For this 7. Commandment, which is, *non mœchaberis*, forbids the sin only to the Children of *Onan*, in regard that according to our modern Theology μοιχεύειν is deriv'd ἀπὸ τῆ μοίχω and

χέειν, quod est humidum fundere. It had bin a brave Religion, which had rejected what was irksom to either, and had establish'd what was plausible and agreeing to both. Every one had bin receiv'd and satisfi'd, no one excluded. I know the *Aristarchians* will oppose my good intentions; but against them I say, First, that the Church ought to have its arms open to all sorts of people. Now the expulsion of vices or incoveniencies is no reception. The *Huguenots* cry, That the Church is only of the elect; but this is too severe. Secondly, I would fain ask these sowerlings, whet her they would be wiser then the Apostles, who desir'd to enter Judaism with honour? You see in the Epistle to the *Galatians*, how M. St. *Peter*, conform'd and comply'd like a complaisant Gentleman to the humours and infirmities of the *Jews*. St. *Paul* reprehends him; but Frier *Gilles* said, he might better have held his tongue, then spoken so many things that smelt of the Faggot. But let us also examin what our Holy Fathers said, when they went about to give *Paganism* a decent Funeral. They taught us to paint our Lady after the ancient Model of *Vesta*, holding little *Jupiter* in her Lap: the Trinity, like *Medius*—— *Fidius*. They have brought in the *Cornival* instead

instead of the *Saturnalia*; Twelf-day instead of the *Lupercalia*. The first of *May* belonging formerly to *Cloris*, they gave away to St. *Thais*, canoniz'd for that purpose. The *Pervigilia* are solemnis'd at *Beaucaire* upon St. *Magdalen*'s day, in commemoration of her first Life. The Curtisans have a Mass particular to themselves, which after they have said, they betake themselves to their Callings. *Candlemass*, what is it but the *Februaria* of the Ancients, when they lighted their Candles. Their Feast of St. *John* answers to the *Palilia* in honour of *Pales*, goddess of Sheep——— What the ancients call'd *Supplications*, are no more then our *Processions*, especially at *Poictiers*, where they go in Procession to request water from the *Naiades*; and at *Paris La descendente de la Chasse de S. Geneviefve* is the same thing. In imitation also of antient *Gentilism*, instead of their *Lustral* we have our *Holy water*, and set Bread and Wine upon the Graves of the deceas'd: of all which things honest *Benedict* one day said, *Ista Paganismum sentiunt*. In the same manner the Institutors of our Ceremonies, have not bin asham'd of the most ancient leudnesses of Antiquity, as having ador'd the Garden God *Priapus* in several parts of *France*. Witness St. *Fontin de Versailles*

Varailles in *Provence*, to whom are consecrated the secret parts of both Sexes, form'd in wax. The Chappel is well furnish'd; so that when the wind blows a little brisk, it causes no—— small disturbance in the devout thoughts of those that come to honour that Saint. When the *Huguenots* took *Embrun*, they found among the relicques of the chief Church a *Priapus* a l'antique, which had bin unseemingly colour'd with red Wine, with which it had bin often wash'd: of which Wine the Women afterwards made a holy *Vinegre*, for uses altogether as strange and absurd. When those of *Orange* ruin'd the Church dedicated to St. *Eutropius*, they found another of the same kind, much bigger and more naturally set out; which was publicly burnt by the Heretics. There is another St. *Foutin* in the City of *Auxerre*; a third in *Verdre* upon the Confines of *Bourbounis*; another in the Diocess of *Viviers*, in low *Languedoc*, call'd St. *Foutin de Cives*; another at *Pontigni*, to which the Women resort, when they are with Child, or desirous of Children. Thus you see how our Doctours have made *Paganism* and Christianity accord. It became them either in the name of God, or of some body else, only to unsow, and not tear in peices like those hot-

hot-headed Miniſters, who deſire the puſity of Chriſtian worſhip. I find *Riviere*; the King's chief Phyſician of a better humour then theſe people. He is a good *Galeniſt*, and a very good *Paracelſian*. He ſays that *Galen*'s method is honourable, not contemptible in the cure of diſeaſes, but exceeding profitable to the Shops. The other, provided you follow the true precepts of *Paracelſus*, is an excellent Method for truth, ſuttlety of knowlege, and thrift. Therefore he deals by his Soul, as by his Body: being a *Roman* Catholic for his Profit, and a *Huguenot* for his Salvation. Monſieur *Gervaiſe*, Philoſopher of *Magne*, goes higher: For he maintains that all our Wars proceed from want of Grammar. For had we follow'd *Grandem Matrem*, we had ſpoken well; ſpeaking well, we ſhould be underſtood, and conſequently agree; for we never fall out about diſcourſe, but becauſe we do not underſtand one another. His firſt rule is, That we ſhould make a great abatement of *Financiers*, who are the participles of interjections, to ſilence the exclamations of the Pulpit: as alſo of ſeveral *Nouns* and ſeveral *Adverbs*; as *Corporally*, *Tranſubſtantially*, *Carnally* and the like. This brave Blade boaſted that he knew more of the ſtate of Religion,

Religion, then *Bisouze*, or his Foot-man, or M. *de Royan*, Ambassadour at *Canada*. But yet to fortifie my design more strongly by example, *Roquelaure* said, That he who refus'd to put all differences to the determination of three throws of the Dice, as *Bridoye*, ought to shut up a dozen of Doctors, and as many Ministers in a Room with Victuals for one day; but not to let them have any more, till they had let down by a Rope out at the Window their final determination legally and firmly sign'd. The Curate of *Eschillets* said, That that would be foul play, in regard the Ministers are accustom'd to live upon little or nothing. As for his part, because he would not concern himself in troubles, he set all things to right in his Parish; so that when they brought him a Child to baptize, he ask'd of what Religion the Father and Mother was of? If they cry'd, we are of the Religion of our Fathers, then he whisk'd to the Altar half dress, and began, *adjutorium nostrum in nomine Dei*. If they said, That they had the knowlege of God by his Grace, then placing himself at the back of a Chair, and laying his hands upon it. *Our Saviour teaches us what our first beginning is*; Poverty, *&c.* If it be a Marriage, after the same question demanded, he

he either falls to his old *Adjutorium*, &c. or else—— *God the Father, after he had formed man.* This was a man of a yielding temper, not such a passionate Son of Thunder as Frier *John Bonhomme*, who let a loud F—— for very madness in his Pulpit, crying out upon the Conversion of the King, Courage,—— my Parishoners, the Heretics are confounded, they dare no more call us Papishes, nor eat flesh in Lent before all the World. They shall make holy-day upon holy-days; They hang their heads like Bulrushes, while you exalt your horns, and flourish like the Cedars of *Lebanon.* And thus you have my own sentiments touching the Union of the two Religions.

CHAP. III.

Of the Causes that mov'd me to my second Reformation, which was my third Conversion.

Daniel, as he says in his own book, pray'd with his Windows open, with

with his face turn'd toward the East. Oh! how I saw Monsieur Confessour, triumph one day upon this Text. In truth, he's a wonderful man, when he finds a Text proper for his purpose. Therefore, said he, as *Daniel* when he pray'd, turn'd his face toward the rising Sun, so it always behoves a man of Virtue to address his Devotions to the rising Sun, to growing greatness; and to turn his tail upon them that are sinking into disgrace. I made little accompt of the King after the feast of the *Barricado's*, but having made a quick judgement of his prosperity, I vear'd my Devotions toward the beams of that fair rising Sun, who having dissipated all Clouds, got into his hands all the forces of the deceas'd King, and brought the League to lye at his feet. I return'd from *Auvergne* and the confines of *Italy*, where I understood that the common Themes of the publick Disputes at *Rome* were the Comparisons between the King of *Spain* and *France*. Those Figure-casters found by their art in *Geomancy*, by Propheſies, by the fatal name of *Bourbon*, that this Prince was born to change the Hierarchy into an Empire, the Chair into a Throne, and the Keys into Swords, and that he was to dye Emperour of the Christians. The *Venetians* ador'd the rising Sun

with

with so much devotion, that when a *French* Gentleman pass'd only through their City, they ran after him with the same ardency, as the Frantic Dotrels ran after *Rablais*'s Pope, crying out, *have ye seen him.* Upon the Gentleman's affirming he had, the best of their Painters presently drew his picture by imagination, and so soon as the first picture was finish'd, the Gentleman was publicly treated. And after their Grandsignioun-ships had stood staring upon it, with their Chaps four fingers asunder for a quarter of an hour together, the Painter was paid to his heart's content, and the Picture hung up as safe as St. *Marks*. The Court of the Emperour, and *Poland* rang with nothing else but public thanks for putting the Empire into such happy and victorious hands, and nothing but re-union of Religions, or a toleration of all, was in every mans mouth. Much talk there was of bringing *Italy* to this, that the King of the *Romans* should be really so, and not merely titular. And for the reduction of the Pope to his Bishopric, the Duke of *Saxony* caus'd several Sermons to be Preach'd before him, upon the similitude between *David* and this King; honour'd and rewarded those that were more in favour with this, then the former King; and

and sent a chain of Gold as far as *Zurick*, the Author of *Carolus Magnus Redivivus*. This high luster of Reputation seconded with so many warlike exploits, what did they not promise from this Prince? had he made use of the divisions already created betweeen the *Muscovites*, *Poles*, and *Swedes*, the *Transilvanians*, and the Emperour; and well knowing the infirmities of the King of *Scotland*, the several designs in *England* upon the old age of the Queen, the revolt of *Ireland*, the decrepit years of the King of *Spain*, the ambition and suttlety of his Daughter, the small reputation of his Son, the designs of the Princes of *Italy* to recover their liberty, upon the declining years and affairs of their Tyrant. The Court of the grand Duke open to the King; *Cæsar* of *Ferrara* attempting the succession in *France*, which he saw beginning to fail. The Duke of *Savoy* disputing about the accomplishing the Articles of his Marriage. *La Bresse* lost; the rest almost ruin'd by *Les Diguieres*, and ill succour'd by their own. Above all things, the preparations of the Turks, mainly distracted both the minds and forces of Christendom. These Occurrences design'd the King for the supreme Head of Christendom, in regard that all people believing

leiving in their hearts, that this King was acceptable to God for the purity and sincerity of his Religion, prepar'd themselves either to suffer or follow him. At the same time I also began to think of throwing off the Popes yoak, and so bring all Benefices without Curates into the treasury at War, by changing the Order of Priesthood, into the Order of Knight-hood. This was to be done, by putting into the Princes hands four times *le Peron*, without the expence or hazard of Convoys. I came to Court big with overtures, full of advantages, to be a partaker of such great expectations, Master of such a Treasury, and a good Servant to my Conscience by the same means, which was the chief consideration. Judg now, Gentlemen, if this change of judgment were not maintainable. In truth I was not sufficiently verst in the Cabals of the World, the infirmities of Princes, and less in the grand interests of Councellers of State to uphold the *Diana* of *Ephesus*.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

An Apology for my long ſtay among the Heretics.

MAnifold are the conſiderations by which I was allur'd to a Religion once already taſted and follow'd, whence I was thrown out by the miſeries that attended it: which miſeries ſeem'd to be permitted to afflict a poor Church, which inſtead of Militant, took the courſe to become Triumphant. Some light of Salvation alſo entic'd me; and whoever has at any other time experienc'd ſuch combats of the mind, will excuſe me for having conſider'd and paus'd a while before I reſolv'd. But having withal ſeen at a diſtance, what a leap I was to take, I took a reſolution to aſſiſt the Catholic Party, aſſiſting my Maſter to jump the firſt friſk, that the Servant might be the leſs aſham'd to follow him. The queſtion was, how to weaken the *Huguenot* Party; and to bring that to paſs

paſs, nothing more conduc'd then to undermine their two main Pillars; the firſt of which, was that diſtinction of condition, by which, under the Law of Truces they were ſeparated from our Politic Regiment. The ſecond was that difference of Religions, which it was requiſite to render leſs, that it might be afterwards utterly annull'd. We had a touch at the firſt of theſe, when the *Huguenots* liv'd in full proſperity, when very unhappily they concluded, That having a King and a Protector in one and the ſame perſon, theſe two qualities were inſeparable without the loſs of the thing. Upon this point we diſpatch'd away that M. Buſie-body *du Fay*, deſervedly a deceiver, and as deſervedly deceiv'd; as appears by his Will and Teſtament, wherein he confeſſes, That he had betray'd the people of God, to raiſe his own Fortune. But we are forbid to ſpeak of that Will. He having a ſmooth tongue in his mouth, & impudence enough upon his Forehead, in a months time he ſent the Maſs where he pleas'd himſelf, put down all the Chambers of Juſtice, caus'd them to quit their Treaſuries, taught their men of War to diſpute concerning States, to acknowledge none but the King, who having obtain'd that point, ſoon after lay'd the Protectorſhip

tectorship aside: for finding the name of Protector too weighty for his shoulders, he buried it near the King's, at the door of St. *Denis's* Church. For the bringing about these fine preparations, to all those who demanded of *Fay*, his particular Commission, *Du Fay* for answer, shew'd the Key of Madam *Martine's* Love-letters, which he said, was the key of the Seals of Nature. Some malicious *Huguenots* endeavour'd to oppose this conspiracy; the other *Huguenots*, either out of simplicity, or being brought over, call the War the *Horn-war*, and accuse their Brethren to the King. So that now the whole power rests in one man's hands. Their Judicature and treasure fall into the hands of Madam *Formality*, by which means we withdrew from them in a little time, the strong holds of *Clermont*, *Joynville*, *Chasteaudun*; and in *Lorain*, *Stenay*, *Ville Franche*, *Dan* and *Beaumont*, *Chavigni*, *Aubena*, and several other places. Thus I may safely boast to have given the most considerable stroaks toward the undermining the Rampart of this distinction. For the second, God rest the Soul of the deceas'd *Morlas*; For if he and his Companions had acted their part as well for the business of Religion, as for *du Fay's* Estate, there had been no *Huguenots* in *France*, but such

such as were good for nothing but to be burnt: for the *Huguenots* of State, or of the Sword, which you please, had made up their pack. Yet we endeavour'd, to astonish the more Godly, to have gain'd the proudest and most stately Six of their Ministers; who had sworn, that being chosen for the dispute, after they had boasted very high, they would make use of a Holy prevarication. That it might not be so, my Master *Rotan*, whisper'd me in the Ear, as he was going to the dispute at *Mantes*, that he would do like *Otho*, when he kill'd himself, that is, he would quit all his particular Interests to save Christianity from utter Ruin; but he was taken with a fretting in the Guts which prevented him. His Second was not so honest as he; He had prevail'd with the *Huguenots* to choose him in all affairs, and he was generally president. He had propos'd the Question among the Synods, whether if the Church of *Rome* were not the Church of Christ ἀπλῶς, or at least καθ' τί, we might not be assur'd of Salvation therein? And this was the loop-hole out of which, the King and many others crept. He caus'd the word *Papists* to be left out of their Prayers, when they mix'd them with Infidels, and taught the young Ministers to

speak

ſpeak mildly. Judge now throughly, good brother Catholic, in the midſt of theſe holy Exerciſes, whether I have been an unprofitable ſervant to our Religion. Had I been as Impatient as *Cahier*, or as ſolliciter of Aſſignations, like *Serres*, I had never procured in the name of the *Huguenots*, the Election of the Chamber. I had not had the Credit to ſend away *Choupes*, before the Parliaments rejected him. For that old man had been invincible, had he not thought me very zealous. I know not who it was that went about to beſpatter the Dialogue of *Roſny* and *Revel*; I am ſure I was ready to dye for fear, when I read my name there. For had I been diſcover'd by that Divine, as well as by *Morlas*, I had loſt my credit for ever. It was my Invention, during the Aſſemblies of the *Huguenots* to diſpatch ten men into their ten ſeveral Provinces to ſow the Darnel, which has ſo advantagiouſly proſper'd there ever ſince. They had all their diſpatches under my hand, and were the rather encourag'd to go upon that deſign, believing me to be of the ſame Religion with them; eſpecially *Sowrce*, an ancient perſon; *de la Cour*, that has made ſo many excellent Sermons, and *Marmet* of *Nerac*. He, tho we had mortify'd him by a te-

dious

dious Famine, protested he would neither have accepted my mony, nor taken my Instructions, but out of his assurance of my piety at that time. I taught the spruceſt of the *Huguenots* this Leſſon. *Tarda ſunt quæ in publicum poſtulantur privatam gratiam cito mereare, cito accipies.* Do thy own buſineſs, and let the public alone. I do not ſpeak of thoſe Aphoriſms of State which I taught little *Biſouſe*, his little Lacquay, *Lomeny*, *Mainville*, and M. *de Royan*. So well it appears, that I did the worſt I could; like them who are afraid in the Siege of a Town; before they leap over the Wall, they ſcare their Companions, what in them lyes; and when they are over, being carry'd before the Commander of the Siege, they ſpeak the worſt they can to ſave themſelves from diſgrace. Moreover there are no Catholics ſo zealous, or that do more miſchief to the *Huguenots*, then your new Converts. For proof whereof, I will make an Apology for the Jeſuits, who are accus'd for ſetting all the World together by the Ears; for thereby they ſhew themſelves true followers of *J.C.* coming as he did, to raiſe War againſt Father & Son, and to ſet Father & Son at variance; not to be the meſſengers of Peace, but to carry Swords. And theſe are thoſe

little weapons, which they ſlide out of their ſleeves, when they find it convenient to rid the World of a Monarch that will not ſubmit to their Maxims. 'Tis requiſite that Proſelytes ſhould ſign their zeal with the blood of their former Companions. And *Fougaſſe*, Tutor to the Prince of *Conde*, has promis'd me, that he will breed up his Pupil to be the moſt treacherous and bloody Enemy of thoſe, who have followed his Grand-father and Father, upon all occaſions, where he can kill them, without being kill'd himſelf.

CHAP. V.

Of the Miſeries of the Huguenots.

SEeing I have diſplay'd ſo large a field to the Brothers, for the diſcovery of my Converſion, I am reſolv'd to ſatisfie the more curious, to ſhew that I made a ſerious conſcience of what I did. Every one is inquiſitive what induc'd *Saney* to this revolt? I ask, what conſtrain'd the King to the ſame? If they anſwer, to ſave his Bacon; that's my anſwer too. Ay, but that's

that's ignominious—Poverty is more—Then Poverty there is nothing more difficult to undergo—which makes men contemptible and ridiculous. Haſtening to the Port deſign'd———but changing the voyage and the wind, let us philoſophize a little upon the Queſtion. This is not to follow, but always to purſue the ſame end. My end has been the ſame without Alteration, Profit, Honour, Eaſe, and Security. So then I purſu'd my aim, but only I chang'd the means. Now for profit, what means has a poor *Huguenot* to advance himſelf in time of peace? if he be a Country-man, the Catholics are the Aſſeſſors and Receivers, the *Huguenots* only Collectors. If he be a Gentleman, and expect any thing from the King, we our ſelves have left him nothing to diſpoſe of. If Monſieur *Huguenot* pretends a title to any Benefice, we have made all the Eccleſiaſtics take their Oaths, to ſtrike out their names, and not to keep their words, according to an Article made by the Council of *Conſtance*. Their Titles will ſerve them in as little ſtead as thoſe of *Cheradame*. This was a *Huguenot* of the Antient ſimplicity. I ask'd him one day whether he did quietly enjoy the Benefice of *Bandoville*, which the King had giv'n him? Yes, ſaid he,

for it is one of the Benefices of which it is ſaid, *The bleſſed ſhall inherit the Earth*. Well, ſaid I, but what Title can you ſhew that it belongs to you? A very good one ſaid he, The Earth belongs to the Lord. Have you no better Foundation then that, ſaid I; for thoſe words mention nothing of *Bondaville*. How can I have a better aſſurance, ſaid he, then from Holy Writ; *Thou haſt lay'd his Foundations in the Sea*, now to ſhew you that thoſe words are ſpoken of *Bandoville*, if you have ever been there, read what follows, he hath enrich'd it, and environ'd it with many waters. All the reaſons which the *Huguenots* can bring to our Judges, will ſignifie no more then theſe of *Cheradame*. As for honour, what content can they have among people that dare not give them reſpect; if the Edict will permit them to come to Court? who if they be merry with their Neighbours, ſhall have a ſuperviſor ſet over them, that ſhall ſtick as cloſe to their skins as a ſcab. If it be in time of War, what can a man of my Eſtate expect in thoſe affairs? can they cant after our fantaſtic formalities? Honour is not to be got among us, but by dint of hard blows; which I muſt confeſs I never much car'd for in my life, though they made me a Colonel of *Switzes*.

As

As for the point of Eaſe, what eaſe can it be to be claſp'd up in a Cuiraſs, like a *Tortoiſe* in his ſhell. And for ſecurity, they have only God to truſt to upon all occaſions, in whom a man of my humour ſeldom puts more then a moderate confidence. But to handle this matter a little more generally; I ſaw in *France* that their reſolutions were agitated to the wiſh of their Enemies; That they ſought their ſecurity other-where then one among another, or within themſelves. That they fix'd their reſolutions in their Enemie's Country and not at home, as the *Switzers* do; look upon the Peace as concluded, before the Treaty was begun, and bereav'd themſelves of their advantages, and diſtinctions before it was proclaim'd. Which is worſe, we have gain'd three in four of their principles, which caus'd them to treat as already ſow'd up in the Kings party; not in War, for they bore Arms for him; not in Peace, for that their neceſſity urg'd them to treat; not in Truce, becauſe they had quitted their Diſtinctions, their Judicature, their Treaſure, and their ſeparate Forces. So that being neither in War, nor in Peace, nor in Truce, they fancy'd a fourth condition, which never was, toſſing up one leg i'the Air, which could be no ſteady

march. Some there were that cry'd shame upon these proceedings; others would not seek to remedy these things, unless the Grandees, who were gain'd by the King, would return among them, to buoy up their party, now patch'd up of several pieces, chooſing rather to be fat, then healthy. They apprehended their own weakneſs, without conſidering the diſtinction of affairs of State. Hence they began to treat with reſpect, to conclude without ſecurity. They did enough to offend, but not to defend. Thus were theſe poor people condemn'd in their ſimple fidelity, to be the ſport of the great ones, perſuaded to have pity upon *France*, when *France* had no pity upon them; to preſerve it, when they had no intereſt in it; to fortifie it, when they had expell'd themſelvs out of it. But when men have their hands ty'd by the fear of God, and a bashful reſpect of their Prince, they ſhould be adviſ'd of their firſt motion; for whatever Peace they make, can be no Peace, but a Contract of Servitude.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

An examination of ſome Books of theſe times.

WHen Monſieur Confeſſour came to my Lodging, he ſent in three Porters Load of Books to enhance the Ceremony of my Converſion. Some Cenſurers of theſe times have obſerv'd that we did not laſh one of them, but that after Dinner we ſpent all the day in playing at *Cent*. But I will ſhew thoſe that were ſo careful to ſpie what was done that day, that I have well employ'd others in modern Theology: to authorize my deſign, I have read the Anſwers to the book of *Pleſſis Mornay*. 'Tis very great pity he has not had leiſure to follow his ſtudies as he did ſome 18. years ago. But ſince, he has had ſo many affairs of State under his hands, ſo much authority to ſuſtain, ſuch a large Family to govern, nothing has appear'd lately from him. The Theologiſt of *Xantes* ſeeing all our Dogs upon that Bear, and that none bit him, or durſt ſo much

much as take him by the Ear, gave a leap at him; I would every one would do as much. For though he answer'd little to the purpose, yet what one cannot do singly, many may. There is the same method to be us'd against this person, and matters must de boldly asserted without coming to the point of close argument; for mischief might come of it. As for *Richeome*, the Heretics are constrain'd to confess, that the style is the genteeleſt of any that has lately become public, at least the Preface: and if they say 'tis none of his, yet it is his either by way of gift or purchase. If the body of the work be dull and flat, is it not a common Custom for the Youth of these times, to wear the fore part of their Dublets of Satin, and the hinder part of Canvas? Does he not do well to bring three Battalions before the King to persuade him to admit the Jesuits? Though in truth, three Battalions of eight Thousand men apeice, and fifty great Guns, would be more persuasive, and prove better Advocates, then the book of truth defended. Now in pursuit of my design, I put on my Spectacles, as when I play at Tables, and viewing at hand these three Battalions, in the first Rank I saw none but a Company of Whipper Snappers with *Morrions*

rons guilt with leaf Gold. But any thing for a Civil War. At the head of 'em rode a fair Argument to prove Miracles. Nature is able to perform this or that. Such and such things have bin produced contrary to the order of Nature, *Ergo*. The Miracles of *Ardilliers* are not falſe. The Colours were of good Taffata. He that carry'd the Collonel's colours, having a mind to play the Coxcomb, and flouriſh his Colours under Leg as they do at *Paris*, ſtrain'd himſelf ſo hard, that he beſowl'd himſelf. This is the Confeſſion of deceas'd *Beza*, who bequeaths all to his Wife, and the reſt to the *Franciſcans*, dyes a good *Roman* Catholic, and this is that which became of him. I am told, an old arch Heretic read this book with a great deal of pleaſure. I would make a ſlight anſwer; but perhaps he will burſt himſelf with laughing, which would be an argument to prove Miracles, which is the ſubject of the book. I know abundance of Catholics look upon the ſuppoſition of his death as a ſtrange thing. But in a book that treats of wonders, can any diſcourſe be thought Miraculous? For my part I affirm and maintain it to be as true as other Miracles, That *Beza* is dead. Firſt, by the argument by which we prove Tranſubſtan-

tiation, God may cause him to dye. By he is dead. Then again, This book which is in the rank and number of Traditions ought to be sooner believ'd then the Bible as the Curate of St. *Gervaise* but lately preach'd. Traditions, said he, are sooner to be believ'd then the Old & New Testament, provided that they are authoriz'd by Traditions, and not Traditions by them. More then this, *Beza* is Civily dead, by Banishment, and Spiritually dead, by Excommunication. But grant he be not dead, this news has always serv'd, the news has bin still made use of like a Vulture's-skin to the stomach of some weak Catholics, to advance the pious frauds of honest Mr. Cardinal, according to this book and that of the deceased good Queen his Play-fellow. Think you that that same book of St. *Clement*, which *Capil* the *Venetian* found in the Isle of *Crete*, has not mainly conduc'd to the establishing private Masses. For all the World has not such a quick understanding, when they see the letter by which St. *Clement* advertiz'd St. *James* of St. *Peter*'s death, to know that St. *James* was dead seven years before the other. 'Tis a great benefit for an ingenious man to understand who tells truth, whether *Anacleta*, who stiles himself Successour

ceſſour to *Clement*, or *Irenæus* and *Euſebius*, who ſay that *Clement* ſucceded *Anacletus*, who notwithſtanding that, wrote a very compleat Letter to *Clement* after he was dead. He ſpeaks of the Temple of St. *Peter*, but it was an hundred years before the Chriſtians had any Church. I alleg'd theſe things in imitation of that pious Father, who living three hundred years before *Conſtantine*, nevertheleſs is ſo prudent as to call *Byzantium*, *Conſtantiople*, to the end ye may not laugh at the letter which ——— wrote to the Virgin *Mary*, and that other which *J. C.* wrote to the three honeſt Catholics under the Croſs at *Azé* in *Poitou*, op'nly read by the Curates of the Pariſhes. But not to injure the Chapter of Miracles, and to ſhew you that I was not converted out of Ignorance, I have read almoſt all *Bellarmin*, and I took great care, being reſolv'd upon my Converſion, not to meddle with *Whitaker*, *Lambert*, or *Reynolds*. I have read the Declamations and Fictions of *Campanus*, where I ſaw ſo many Martyrs of the new Catholic Church. 'Tis the beſt way to read that book without examination. I did more, for I ſtop'd my Eares againſt a Heretic, that would have made me believe all thoſe Martyrs to be lyes and fables, alleging that there were

two

two Characters of Martyrdom, the one, that it must be purely for Religion, and the other, that it be at the Parties own choice, whether he will live or dye. I began to swear that the Queen of *Scot*'s was a true Martyr. Oh, said the Heretic, what a miserable Religion is yours, that hath no Martyr purer then a Homicide, nor any more chast, then a Strumpet. I could have found i'my heart to have bang'd him, but he was a man of the Sword. I have read the Amorous Sermons of M. S. *Panigarole*, but cannot find what the Heretics report of his *Catamit*: As to his Mistress indeed ye say something, for whose sake he begins one of his Sermons thus, *'Tis for you, fair one, that I dye.* Nor can I find fault with his Complement, for presently after he added, *said Christ to his Church.* He was a bold Preacher, yet not so bold neither, but that I have read in some of his Sermons preach'd at *Turin*, that although the Saints were Canoniz'd, he did not beleive them all to be in Paradise. A wary man, not to be a general voucher for every body. I have read the Thundring Sermons of the Bishop of *Bizonte*, which hard'nd my heart for the Massacre at hand. Whoever read a more substantial Clause then this, *Che la crudelta loro era pietosa*, That their Cruelty

was Mercy. I have read the writings of *Reboul*, who has told tales out of School, because he had bin whip'd there. That book will serve excellently well for a Farce, after those Tragedies, which afflict the squeamish & raw Conscience of a Convert newly gall'd with his Conversion. I have read Dr. *Boulanger*, who has written like a Devil, all *ran dan* and without premeditation; they that will not believe me, may beleive their own eyes. He is better skill'd in Logic now, then when he disputed at *Miot*, and had he now to do with that blind zealot, he would conundrum him in another manner then he did. For he has answer'd the Preface of *Dupleſſis*, at least he gives him good words; being resolv'd like the chief Captains of the holy Party, to observe this maxim, *That in great undertakings, 'tis enough to shew a good intention.* In the same manner I could not forbear laughing, when I read the *Pambonicum* of *Michau* against him. 'Tis well known that the *Sorbon* has forbid him to write upon a Letter of M. Confessour. But in the reply of *Michau* I blame him for saying, That the *Boulangers* are of *Troye* in *Champagne*. He was ignorant that they came from *Lyons*, where they could not stay as being too near *Provence*, where they had

had seen M. *Auguste* upon the *Scaffold* or upon the Ladder. I read the beginning of *Doxemel*, but he put me out of humour: At first I was pleased with young *Sponde's* manner of arguing: for we have a young *Sponde*, as well as a young *Nostredamus*. They say the Widow wrote it; which causes many to admire, because it was verily thought that she had made all public before. I have not spoken at all concerning the Treatises of the Husband; because the first disgrace the later; which do not seem to be made with so good a will nor in so good an humour as the first. Those are full of discourse enliv'nd only by pomp of words, the first moving, and persuasive *ad fidem faciendam*. But the young man treating of consecrated Church-yards, draws from the sum of his discourse this consequential Argument. The *Jews* were very curious in reference to their Sepulchers. The *Turks* account their Sepulchers Holy, and go in Pilgrimage to *Mecca*; The *Pagans* erected lofty *Pyramids*, canoniz'd their dead, and ordain'd them Supplications. *Ergo*; The Christians ought to do the like, in imitation of the *Jews Turks* and *Pagans*. But not to bereave any person of the honour which is due to him, we are well assur'd that this was the off-

spring

ſpring of M. *Raymund*'s brain, or rather of his Hoſt, who is alſo reported to have made the preliminary Epiſtle to *Richeome*. Let it be as it will, both together have taught me very fine fancies. Firſt, that it is a duty to carry the Pope upon our Shoulders. Thus the *Pagans* exalted their *Druids* and *Veſtals*. The *Romans* were carry'd by their Slaves in Litters. The *Chineſes* in *Tunquin* carry their Religious Orders a *Cock loft* in the ſame manner, and the Country people in *Xantoigne* upon their wedding days, are hoiſted after the ſame faſhion, as it is alſo the Cuſtom in *Lorrain*. *Ergo*, We are to carry the Pope, Cardinals and Biſhops upon our Shoulders, to ſhew our ſelves *Pagans* like the *Chineſes*, or Slaves, as among the *Romans*, or elſe in imitation of the Courtly faſhion, of the Country *Bumpkins* of *Xantoigne* and *Lorrain*. The ſame Author tells, That Madam *Simonite* he meant *Sunamite* kiſs'd *Eliſha*'s feet, *Ergo*, all Kings, who are *Simonites*, ought to kiſs the Pope's feet. This Monſieur *Raymund* and his Companions, ſpeak very well to the *Huguenots* and their printed Complaints, by declaring to them that they do not complain without a cauſe. For as *Raymund* ſays to *Rabeſne*, contentiouſly wrangling to make a *Huguenot* Lady loſe the Guardi-

anſhip

anſhip of her *Children*; The Laws are not to be obſerv'd according to humour, or to pleaſe proſcrib'd perſons: and afterwards ſollici ting to have a *Huguenot* put to death, for a Murder which a pious Catholic had committed, we need not make any ſcruple to deſtroy the Eſtates of thoſe whoſe lives are under Condemnation; or to cut off particular Members where the Body is under the general attainder of the Church. I have alſo read a book, much after the ſame rate, and which I believe to be a chip of the ſame block, mainly endeavouring to extirpate the memory of *Papeſs Joan*. And to ſhew you that I have ſtudi'd, and that I keep a Correſpondence with the Learned, I have ſent him an Epigram upon this ſubject, which begins *Fœmina quod mentita virum*, to which I expect his anſwer.

CHAP. VII.

Of the Arrogance of the Huguenots.

IF ever any Prince would raign ſo exactly, That neither Juſtice nor the word of God ſhould have any cauſe to blame his Government, it behoves him to extermi-

nate

nate the *Huguenots*: For they are a ſort of ſtrange people, that when the Honour of God comes in competition, trample under their feet the Honour of men, yea even of Princes. But thoſe of this Age are a little more reſpectful. 'Tis publicly known what ſtrange reports they rais'd againſt the Mother of the late Queen-Mother, taxing her with unſeemly familiarity with the Cardinal of *Lorrain*, as if ſhe, that ſhe might take the care of men upon her, had deſpoil'd all other women of their Vices. They made verſes upon the ſaid Cardinal for a good turn procur'd him by the Prince of *Portian*. But St. *Nicaiſe*, the ſaid Cardinal's natural Son, honourably poyſon'd the ſaid Prince. Theſe Knaves impudently reported over all *France* the news of a certain Picture, where the Cardinal, the Queen of *Scots*, and ſeveral other perſons were lovingly entertain'd with a ſtrange peice of workman-ſhip. And all theſe Stories printed after the great conteſts and execution of St. *Berthelemy*. At the ſame time they were ſo Arrogant as to demand peace at *Millaud*; and cauſe him to order a peace, when they had no more then four or five Holds, more advantagious for them, then the laſt peace which was granted them by the Court of Parliament.

You

You would not beleive how little respect they gave the Queen and the Councellers of State that attended her. Monſieur *de Pibrac* had made uſe of two pair of *Topiez* to frame a petition, which he addreſſed to the Deputies of the *Huguenots*, in the preſence of the Queen. He wip'd his eyes with his Hankercher, the Duke of *Montſpenſier* ſnivell'd, *Richelieu* ſigh'd, *Gadagne* ſhew'd nothing but the whites of his eyes. When he came to *Dixi*, the Queen ask'd them, well, Friends, what have you to ſay to this? Now you ſhall hear the anſwer of limping *La Meauſſe*. Madam, becauſe Monſieur has made ſuch a fair ſpeech, muſt we therefore periſh? The ſame perſon halting by the Chamber of the Maids of Honour, over-heard *Altri* ſaying, Muſt we be confin'd to this Curſed *Gaſcony*, only for the Deputies four ruſty Swords? *Madamoiſelle*, anſwer'd this ſame *Vulcan*, I confeſs they are not ſo well ſcour'd as your *Engines*. 'Tis incredible how theſe people have bearded the greateſt of Princes; and made head againſt them with their ſmart and briſk replys; as for example, that of the Prince of *Conde* to the Queen Mother, who ſeeing a Troop of white Coats march by, reproach'd him, that his Souldiers were Millers. Yes Madam, reply'd the Prince,

to

to handle your Asses. The same Prince at another time, when the King ask'd him, why he did not acknowlege the Virgin *Mary* for the Queen of Heaven, made answer, Because 'twas pity, so fair a Kingdom should be govern'd by a Distaff. To give you fresher marks of their Boldness; The King, then King of *Navar*, having sent *Aubigny* to *Hen.* the 3d. to restore him the honour of his Alliance, before he did himself right, either for his Sister, or the injuries which had bin done him; the King in a great fury reply'd, Let your Master, if you call him so, have a care what he does, if he knows me to be his King, I shall put such a weight upon his Arms, as would make the great *Turk* stoop. To which this impudent *Huguenot* made this answer, Sir, the King of *Navar* my Master, has to his great grief hin bred up under this Burden. Without Threats, the homage of his Life and Fortunes is at your Majesties Devotion; But the homage of his honour he will yeild to ne're a Prince in the World, so long as he has a drop of blood in his Body, and a Sword by his side. But not to relate the sawcinesss of them, who make profession of it, what think ye of the poor Potter M. *Bernard*, to whom the King one day said these words, It is now five and

forty

forty years since you first serv'd the Queen my Mother, and me, we have suffer'd you in the mid'st of Flames and Massacres, to enjoy the freedom of your Religion all this while; but now I am so perplex'd by those of *Guise*, and my people, that in spite of my teeth I must be forc'd to put those two poor Women and you in Prison, both they and you shall be burnt to morrow, if you change not your opinion. Sir, answer'd *Bernard*, Yesterday the Count *Maulevrier*, came to proffer those two Sisters their Lives, if they would each of them permit you a nights lodging. They answer'd, They would be Martyrs as well for their Honour as for their Religion. You have told me also several times you would have pity upon me: But I take pity upon you, who have pronounc'd these words; I am constrain'd; you do not speak like a King. Those Virgins and I, who I hope have a share in the Kingdom of Heaven, will teach you this Royal expression, *That neither the* Guisarts, *nor all your people, nor you your self, shall constrain a poor Potter to bend his Knee to Images.* Did yee ever hear such an impudent Scoundrel? You'd swear, he were one of *Seneca*'s Disciples, *qui mori scit, cogi nescit.* He that knows how to dye, know's not what compulsion means.

More

More malapartneſs then this appear'd in theſe people at the laſt Treaty of Peace, and at the Aſſemblies which continu'd four years, where theſe ſelf-will'd moody Mules withſtood not only the honeſteſt Deputies which the King could pick out of his Council of State, but all the Grandee Lords of their own party. Theſe forheads of Braſs cry'd out, Theſe Propoſitions do not anſwer the good opinion which we had conceiv'd of thoſe which were ſent to us. They were ask'd the meaning of theſe words, *La Valiere* ſtands up; the meaning, quo he! The meaning is, That ye go about to betray the Church of God. Monſieur *Le Villeroy* told me, that being ſent once to parley with theſe *Male-contents*, while *Calignon* was endeavouring with a Sugercandy-ſpeech, to ſoften their fury, that Lubber *Chamier*, having lay'd his Cloke under his Buttocks, lean'd with his left Elbow i'the very middle of the Table, and in that poſture fell a paring his nails, which were ſo long, that the Splinters flew in the Oratour's beard, one hit *de Roſny* in the eye; yet no body durſt reprove him; for his very Countenance ſhew'd how little it would be to the purpoſe. *Choupes* was ſo audacious as to carry to the very Privy Council the refuſal of all the Parliaments of *France*, and could hardly

hardly be hawl'd from the door by the honeſt *Huguenots* of the Court. *Aubigne* was ſo void of modeſty, that when the King had given him a handſom reception at *Senlis*, and did but only ask him a civil queſtion, what he thought of the wound that *Chaſtel* had given him i'the lip, this unmannerly Clown made anſwer, I ſay, Sir, ſaid he, that that ſame God, whom as yet you have only deny'd with your lips, has only ſmitten your lips, but ſo ſoon as you ſhall renounce him with your heart, he will ſtrike and peirce that heart. I could name another, that was an ancient Deputy, who ſitting one day with the reſt of his aſſociates upon a Trunk in the Anti-Chamber, took notice that M. *d'O.* young *Roſny*, and ſome others of the Court Gallants laught to ſee the Deputies in their old faſhion'd Garments. Theſe airy Courtiers having a mind to ſhew their Wit, ſays one to the other, I'le ſay he's a brave fellow that dare's but go and ask that old Curmudgeon of a Heretic his name. *D'O.* to ſhew his valour approaches the old man, and full of high flown conceit, Sir, ſays he, theſe Gentlemen and I have an earneſt deſire to know your name. If I knew how to call you, ſaid the other, I might perhaps give you an anſwer; I am a Gentleman, but not

at

at your Conmand. Sir, said the Courtier my name is *D'O*. It may be so, reply'd the Deputy, had you bin in as many Battels as I, you needed not have ask'd the Question. As for *O* 'tis a Cipher better known in the Chamber of accompts, then where I have bin. The Brethren of the Cabinet fell a laughing, but the poor Messenger was more dash'd out of countenance, upon what the Deputy added. Go, friend, go, go kill some-body, that the King may bestow some favour upon yee, otherwise ye may chance to go without it. The Sieur *Bellevre* being sent by the King, to the King of *Navar* at *Mont de Marsan*, every morning, through the window of his Lodging, saw the *Countess de la Guiche*, then Miss in waiting, going every morning to Mass attended by *d'Espent*, little *Lambert*, a *Black*, the *Baboon Bertrand*, an *English* Page, a shock Spaniel, and a Lacquey. Of all which the great Senatour took notice to a *Huguenot* in these terms. I have several times, said he, seen some Mistresses of our Kings, who are with them in such esteem, that the greatest Peers of the Nation think themselves happy, if they can but watch their coming out in a morning to pay their respects. But here I see a Lady of a noble Family, who turns and winds the King

as

as she pleases, walk to the Church in a morning, fitted for all purposes with a Monkey, a Shock, and a Buffoon. Oh Sir, the reason's plain, reply'd the *Huguenot*, for in this Court there is neither Ape, nor Shock, nor Buffoon, but what you see. The *French* Courtier was not a little nonpluss'd at the reply; but much more when he knew the St. *Maxants* Curse upon the cheek of Madam *Duras*.

CHAP. VIII.

Of Martyrs after the Romish *way.*

OF all the Books, which are enough to make a man a Heretic, or of which at least a *Roman* Catholic ought to be very careful: I find none, next to the Bible to be so dangerous as this great Volum of Martyrs. For 'tis a great matter to see five, six or seven thousand dead people, with all the Marks of real Martyrdom, as probity of Life, purity of Religion, and full freedom to choose either Life or Death. This has depriv'd us of abundance of people that beheld those Preachers, who had no other

other Pulpits then the Scaffold, the Ladder or the flaming Faggot. These are the glorious Nicks of time, when vain hopes are said to give place to Zeal and Vertue. They order their affairs now more prudently, both in *Italy* and *Spain*. There does not a Year go about, wherein they do not put to death some hundreds. But their constancy has no other witnesses then Goalers and Hang-men, who are like the Cranes of *Pyrrhus* for keeping secrecy. 'Tis not above Thirty Years ago, that all the Processes, of which this dangerous book is full, and which testifie the truth of it, were order'd to be taken off the files of all the Courts of Parliament. But is their no way to stifle the memory of these things, and to cry down all these Stories for Fables, though the eye-witnesses are living? What shall we do? I am of opinion that the best way will be, to make Choice of some florid stile, like that of the Count *de Permission*, and to write a Book, of which the Title shall be, *The Martyrs* a la Romana, *or after the* Romish *manner*; Wherein we will not have so much as one finger of a Martyr of the Primitive Church; in regard there is some debate concerning them, between the other and us; as also for that, these blessed Reformers cry that the

Church has bin as long reformed as it has bin persecuted, according to what Pope *Silvester* said, when *Constantine* freed him from the Rocks of *Soracte*, Farwel Poverty, Farwel Purity. Now then we must make it out, that we have Martyrs of this Age of as good Families as any of others. The Bel-weather of the Flock shall be the Curate of St. *Medard* in *Paris*, who was wounded in ringing the Alarum Bell. The Curate of St. *Crespin* in *Tourain*, who was hang'd in the Bel-rope performing the same Office: both taking pains to stir up the people to make another sort of Martyrs. From thence, to disguise the Story, we will take a frisk to *Japan*, where the Jesuits say some of them have bin crucifi'd, and where they have done several Miracles, which could be done no where else but at *Japan*, because of the incredulity of the rest of the *Indians*. Moreover we will condemn all the *Huguenots* in *France* to go thither, to see if what they say be true. Our Fathers the Jesuits, foreseeing the necessity of this book, & that there will be more Confessours then Martyrs; On the other side, the *Huguenots*, instead of putting men to death for the Faith, busying themselves in praying to God for their Conversion: The sharp-witted Projectours have provided a remedy

dy for both; having ſet up at *Rheimes* and at *Rome*, two Colleges of young *Engliſh*, choſen out of a Melancholy aduſt humour, the moſt part Exiles, Thieves or defam'd perſons, who when they are put into theſe Colleges, as *Marius Navarrus* writes in his 3. book of Councils, by an eſtabliſh'd Papal conſtitution, are bound to ſwear, That after ſo many years they ſhall return into *England* to publiſh what they have learnt. And becauſe it has bin obſerv'd that much good has come of it, witneſs Cardinal *Alain*, in his Apology for Seminaries, the Pope has redoubled their Penſion. Hereupon, I gueſs *Baronius* in his *Roman* Martyrology ſaid theſe words, *That the holy Prieſts, as innocent Lambs, fatted in the Sacred Cloyſters, by the holy ſociety of* Jeſus, *with divine inſtructions for Martyrdom, Sacrifices acceptable to God and the Sacred Colleges of* Rome *and* Rheimes, *have bin put to death, becauſe they preach'd in* England *the Doctrine of the Holy* Romiſh *Church.* I wiſh he had not ſaid it, in regard they are Envoys of the Society of Jeſuits: becauſe they are accus'd to be liberal enough of other men's blood; and therefore though it be a commendable thing to meet Martyrdom, yet I would not have them guilty of ſending people meerly upon that errand.

Then to breed 'em up as Victims to God, that looks as if we Sacrific'd them our ſelves; and ſmels a little of *Baal-peor*. Again, the word *Cloyſter* ſounds like a Priſon, as if we kept them in Sties to force them to keep their Oaths: and upon this the Heretics would be upon our bones, and ſay of the God to whom we ſacrifice them; That it muſt be ſome God of this Age, or elſe ſome God of the Earth; for that the God of Heaven requires now no more Sacrifices at all, nor never did thoſe of human blood. But that which ſpoils all is the word,— *fatted* or *greas'd*. I ask'd Archbiſhop *Valgrand*, what the meaning of it was; he ſent me to the *Saturnalia* of *Lipſius l.* 1. *c.* 14. There I found that the Term was proper to the Gladiators who were pick'd out of the condemn'd perſons or miſerable Slaves, and afterwards maintain'd in their ſacred or rather execrable Seminaries, to the end they might purchaſe their fat by their death; of whom *Propertius*.

Qui dabit immundæ venalia fata ſaginæ.

Bellarmin did very ill to put us in mind of the nineſcore taken at *Menerbè*, who, every one of them choſe rather to be burnt

then

then to deny the leaſt tittle of their Religion. And *Antonine* did very ill to write, that they gave the Priſoners their choice, either to abjure their Religion and have their liberty, or dye; whereupon a hundred and fourſcore choſe rather to be burnt. For which reaſon I would not have him that makes our book of Martyrs meddle with your ear-lulling *Latin*; which affected perſons, to ſhew their gift, make uſe of to our prejudice, and the diſcovery of our buſineſs. The *Balderdaſh* Latin which Monſicur Confeſſour uſes, will be good enough for us. And in purſuit of our deſign we muſt gain in *England* ſome Miniſters or other Officers, that when they hang our people there, may diſcourſe to 'em ſome point of Religion, and not of Warlike preparations, Seditions, Petars, Guns, Mines and Poyſons from the Pope's Apothecary. Then upon the Ladder they muſt have their choice either to turn, or turn off the Ladder. For thoſe *Heretics* never account for Martyrs any but thoſe, who have ſuch a choice propos'd to them, and ſuch as it appears by their Enditements, that they dye for the ſole point of their Religion. According to this Rule they never liſt for Martyrs, thoſe that are arm'd for their defence, but only ſuch as

have no other Weapons but their Prayers. Such as were the 17000 *Albigeois* slaughter'd in one day, and the 30 or 40000 Souls sent upon St. *Bartholomews*-day to the furies of St. *Bartholomew*. But as for us, who have a better view of things, I am not of opinion, that we should be so nice, but let us muster, for default of others, in our Martyrology all those that are slain in Battails, Seiges, Skirmishes and Duels. Especially such as have fought against the Heretics; and all the *Irish*, their Wives and Children that are starv'd to death in the streets of our Cities. These are the Victims of that great Sacrificer *Sanders*, and other Doctors, who notwithstanding several pardons, caus'd them to make use of the *Bull* of the Holy Father *Pius* the V. as *Bellarmin* reports, by virtue whereof they made no scruple of violating their Allegiance to the Queen. And as for them, that lay sculking in the Niches of *Pont Neuf*, not then finish'd, and in the night time Rob'd all those that pass'd along, and then threw them into the River, if there be any scruple of canonizing them, we must be careful what we do, lest we should injure them that did no harm but only to the *Heretics*. There are some who believe the Bishops ought to main-

tain the poor; But my thoughts are, that they are for the generality very uncharitable, out of a good intention to fill our Book with the sweet scented Sacrifices of their starv'd Bodys. Of which number were those poor people, whom the Bishop of *Mayence* caus'd to be burnt, out of a good intention, to save Corn. If the *Huguenots* refuse these at the Muster, we will in spight of their teeths, pass them for Martyrs whom we allege to have dy'd in the Wars. We have a good Title to it: For the Fathers of the Society of *Bourdeaux* have learnedly consulted about it, and wrote them down by parcels in the Treatise of the Massacre at *Contras*, of which Pamphlets *Paris* was full. All honest men believe, that the *Huguenots* being forc'd to the Battel, gain'd the Victory by Treachery, in regard they had hid their Canon under ground, and by that means made our people fly in the Air like so many Birds. By this Ladder we mount to Heaven much more noble Martyrs then the Heretics can do. St. *Foy* was made Bishop of *Senlis*, for having plac'd the last *Charles* among the Martyrs. If so, there is a Bishopric due to me, for having muster'd up such a scroll of Martyrs as I have done. But to return to my Text, the King, said that

good Preacher, had so much trouble to massacre the *Huguenots*, that he dy'd for grief, because he could not finish his design, nay some say, that he dy'd blaspheming for madness. 'Tis a Gentile expression which some of our Doctours use, to some concerning the Millers Bridg, I mean those Catholic *Bigots*, who believe that God overwhelm'd that Bridge, as being the Scaffold of the Butchery, and that it was a notable mark of Celestial Vengeance. But I say no, 'twas not for the Cruelties exercis'd, but because they exercis'd no more, by which default of theirs, I warrant ye, we lost above six or sevenhundred fresh-water Martyrs. But may we not search for those who have dy'd in cold blood? Of that sort the most bright-shining Martyr is the Queen of *Scots*, who had blown up her Husband before, constantly resolv'd so to do, notwithstanding all the kindness and amorous humility which he shew'd her. 'Tis true indeed, her heart taught her what belong'd to gunpowder. But 'tis all one, she shall be canoniz'd, and in spight of the Heretics teeth, she shall be plac'd in the Almanack next to St. *Mary* the *Egyptian*, only for distinction sake, she shall be called St. *Mary Morterpeice*. At her feet we well place *Peter Edmond*, and—— with their Company of a hundred

ſtundred and ten, according to the account of *Baronius*. The moſt part of theſe were brave Souldiers, excellent *Petardeers* of the Seminary of *Maurevel*, and the ancient *de La Montagne*, who for a ſmall ſum would have taken any man out of your way that offended ye, or obſtructed your deſigns, having always an intention againſt Hereſie. The Souls of theſe we muſt believe to be ſav'd, for they would fain have damn'd 'em themſelves, but you know what is ſaid of them that willingly loſe their Souls. *Maurevel* was ſo zealous a Catholic, that in hatred of misbeleivers, for a ſmall ſum of money which the Queen had promis'd him, having fail'd at *Moncontor* to kill the Admiral, however he offer'd a bloody and ſweet ſmelling Sacrifice to her Intereſts, by murdering *Moſny*, who for a long time had maintain'd him, and rais'd him. He was afterwards martyr'd by *Moſny* the Son. As for old *de la Montagne*, he was a ſhrewd cunning Fellow, and as I may ſay, the Patriarch of the Jeſuits. For by aſſuring his zealous Aſſaſſinates of his counterfeit Paradiſe, he ſent them away overjoy'd, to dye themſelves, to murder the Heads of the Chriſtians. This Paradiſe was the Model of a Chamber of Meditation. For the more variety and orna-

ment of this our design we will bring in all the Crucifixes, Statues of Saints, both Male and Female, whether of Stone or Wood, in whose faces, as *Baronius* observes, the *Huguenots* have spit, or have any other way abus'd, by treading them under their feet, pulling out their eyes, or cutting off their ears or noses. To these we may add the bodies of dead Saints, which they have burnt, as that of St. *Claude*, together with the Abby, in the year 1654. 'Tis very true, that some pious Christian or other put in its place the Body of one that was hang'd at *Dortaile*. For new Martyrs we have *Chisse*, *Benchard*, and that fair List of *Plessis de Cone*, and *Fontenelle*. Nor must we forget the Martyrs of *Blois*, the Father of whom was a canoniz'd Martyr at *Rome*, under the name of St. *Francis* the *Pistoleer* of *Orleance*. Their Posterity shall be also canoniz'd, that is to say, *Henry* of the *Barricades*, and St. *Denis* Captain, and Cardinal. On the other hand we will put M. St. *Clement*, and M. *Sponde*, one martyriz'd by the Procurator General, the other by his Wife. These two zealous Personages I have put together to spite the *Huguenots*, who mistrusting to what end they were canonis'd, one so soon after the other, marry'd them together in the following *Epigram*.

Qui

Qui modo Clementem voluisti jungere divis,
Et Spondam Divis annumerare potes.
In vitas Regum fuit insidiator uterque:
Ille animum Regis sustulit, hic animam.

What shall become of St. *Chastel*, S. *Burgoign*, St. *Guinan*, St. *Barriere*, St. *John Nilbet*, and St. *Garnet*? We must also have room for the President *Brisson*, and the five Martyrs, and the St. *Hangman* who was executed with them. Among the rest must be admitted the twelve St. *Franciscans* of *Chasteau Villain*, whom the deceas'd Admiral caus'd to be lay'd hold on for murdering the sick Souldiers of the Army, wherever they met with them. The greatest grief to the rest was, that two of these poor Martyrs quarrell'd, who should have the Commission to perform the Execution. To decide this Ambitious debate, each of the two had a Rope given them, to try who was the most dextrous at the sport. Never did two nimble Skip-jacks shew more dancing Bear tricks to avoid the Noose, then these two Rascals did; of which one at length was seiz'd, as he was giving a jump upwards. The Victor having securely strangled his *Compagnen*, hang'd all the rest. For the hangman and the persons executed were

were all of the same Livery. This shoot of St. *Francis*, so long as the War endur'd, never chang'd either his employment or his habit; but knowing where there was a young Novice, who had escap'd out of the Covent, sent for him to be his journeyman. After that they went on chearfully with their business, and were very useful toward the Discipline of the Army, it being a common word of admonition, ware the *Franciscan*. Among the *Neoterics* are also Father *Henry d'Anvers*, and *S—— de Saumur*, who were burnt for being *Roman* Catholics, according to the Interpretation of the Count of *Rochefort*. They confess'd a very strange exercise of their piety, without which confession the latter could not have bin burnt; For the Scholer and the Sergeant were only whipt for having devoutly attempted to murder *du Plessis*, that arch Heretic. Here M. S. *Biron* comes in for a share, who having all his life time liv'd in contempt of all Religion, all of a suddain grew so sottishly superstitious, that if he found in his way any little remainder of a broken Cross, he stop'd and crawl'd upon his Knees fourscore or a hundred paces to kiss the dirty stone where it was fixed; insomuch that near *Bretigny* in *Burgundy* he kiss'd another between two T—

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He was one of the Churches great Gates: for he had renounc'd God, and ſworn to kindle a War in *France* againſt the *Huguenots*. He was the Devil of a man, but of a plauſible behaviour. Don't you believe that he ſwore like a *Huguenot*, any more then *Cotton*, when he was run through the left Buttock. You have a notable Martyr of M. S. *Boſnier*, whoſe ſtory the wicked *Feneſte* ſtole from us. But he forgot the difference between his Wife and the Counteſs of *Norton* about the Gown and Petticote which the She-Phyſician got by doing and not doing. For the Counteſs having declar'd to her Husband that ſhe had made a Vow for Chaſtity for four days in a week; her Husband made another, for the other three. The poor Lady dy'd for grief, and is now a Martyr *Alamode*.

CHAP. IX.

The Corollary.

ONE day, that it thundred, Monſieur Confeſſour came to viſit me, and found me in a great confuſion, ſhortly after my

my Converſion. I had not ſlept well the night before, and without lying, I could have wiſh'd my Conſcience had lain by its ſelf. That which troubl'd me in the Evening was the curſed company of idle ſtories that were brought me, how the *Huguenots* began to enter into new Conſultations concerning their affairs. That Coxcomb *Lust* had open'd my eyes to ſee, how that after my Converſion, the King put no confidence in me; on the contrary, that *Roſny* who continu'd a firm Heretic got ground in the King's favour, and thereby great Authority in *France*. In the mid'ſt of theſe thoughts, I call'd to mind the miſerable ends of *Sponde*, diſcountenanc'd by the King after his Converſion; of *Morlas*, of *Clairville*, grieving at his death to have damn'd himſelf to gain ſomething, and yet never to taſt the pleaſure of enjoyment; of *du Fay* who dy'd altogether ſlighted, and deſpairing to that height, that he publicly queſtion'd, whether the Church of *Rome* were the Church of Chriſt. *Barrilliere* like him, was upon the ſame ſtrain. *Sallettes*, who ſteer'd the ſame courſe, as having bin taught by his Wife, That he who greatly fears God, is alſo afraid of men; She that never fearing nor refuſing the men of this World, was bold againſt God. The ends

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of these men pester'd my thoughts, with many others of the same sort. While I was in this Agony, I saw M. *Cabier* walking in the lower Court. To him I ran, and ask'd him what was become of the Minister *Le Vaux?* Sir, said he, that unfortunate person, after the fair promises which he had made to *Monsieur d'Evreux*, and the money which he receiv'd from him for the performance thereof, a Rascally Feaver seiz'd him, and he is gone, into his own Country, tearing and raving that the cause of God was betray'd by him, and five of his Associates, whom he fairly character'd, without naming them. To this, he added, that he hop'd God would pardon him, into whose hands he was going, to surrender his Soul, so soon as he came to *Milland*. He offer'd in the mean time to write to M. *d'Evreux*, in recommendation of some able person, and withal discover'd the prevarication of the dispute at *Mantes*, and the other preparatives of *de Rosn* and *Serres*, who you know, had offer'd their perfidious mediation at a lucky time. The *Huguenots* were so silly as to refuse the offer, saying, That the Church of Christ was not establish'd upon tricks and fallacies. A little while after, added he, when he came to *Milland* he continu'd his crys and lamentations

mentations especially upon the day that he dy'd; upon which day he walk'd out of the City with his freinds, supp'd well, but so soon as he was a-bed, he call'd his Wife, told her he should dye, repeated these Lines of the *Psalmist*.

A Soul with true Repentance fill'd,
Is thy most grateful Sacrifice;
A brok'n and a contrite heart
O God thou never wilt despise.

And having so said, he expir'd. After I had mus'd a while, I took a little heart a-grace, and ask'd him, how it far'd with *Rotan*, *Serres* and others. Those two answer'd *Cahier*, are forc'd to hide their heads, for they are both under ground: and I'le tell ye how: so soon as they had heard of *Vaux*'s confession, they encourag'd one the other by Letters, got themselves chosen by the National Synod of *Montpelier*, with a resolution, like *Cæsar*, to pass the *Rubicon*; but before they went, to try to gain something with the Confederates. But such was their misfortue that they both dy'd before the sitting of the Synod. I am very sorry for the money which *Serres* carry'd to his Wife, for she dy'd the same day that he did, like *Ananias* and *Saphira*,

Saphira, ſo that that money might have better have fallen into my hands—— Sir, *If you pleaſe to order me a ſum, and take*—— I would not ſuffer him to go on, but kept the Begger who was very importunate, at ſtaves end, making haſt to bed, though without hopes of repoſe. By break of day my Servants having inform'd Monſieur Confeſſour of my reſtleſneſs, and continnal exclamations, he comes into my Chamber, takes a Chair, and began theſe honey-dropping words. Sir, I have bin inform'd by your Servants, this morning, and yeſterday in the Evening, by M. *Cabier*, of the ſtrange diſturbancies of your mind; and ſomething I find my ſelf by the vehement motion of your pulſe; but I deſire ye to take a taſt of my words, as aſſuaging Remedies for your exteriour Diſtempers; for no outward violence, no promiſe, hope or fear can change the inward diſtemper of Opinions. Reaſon alone, which moves and puts them into a ferment at firſt, is to them the proper application; ſeeing that her prevailing power produces either hopes or fears in a diſtracted mind. When I ſpeak of hopes and fears, I mean, in reference to the affairs of this World. For in truth, when the diſpute extends its ſelf to the World to come, then the hope of good,

good, and the fear of evil, practise their force as well upon the one as the other. Do you not think your self happy in that you feel no other then the soft raigne, and natural power of your thoughts, and not the violence of necessity? Know then, that all men are reduc'd to this point, to be at an ill pass either with their Consciences, or with the affairs of the World. But because there is no perfect felicity, wise men finding a persecution upon the liberty of their thoughts, they fly to the privacies of the heart; so that if your Conscience cannot reconcile it self to the temper of the times, fly to the secret retirements of the wise, reserving to your self, those things, of which you your self are Judg, and leaving to others those things which fall under the scan of Forraign judgment. Our external Actions may be censur'd by those who are in power, and for that they have the knowlege thereof; you cannot prevent them from dealing in their own Element, or from punishing or rewarding as they deem most proper: but they cannot controul your thoughts, which they can by no means impeach. Sir, I speak these things as well in reference to my self, as you; beseeching ye, that the Combats of our Consciences may not vent themselves: or if the Conscience

ſcience ſtruggle to get looſe, at leaſt to lull it aſleep, if you cannot ſtifle it in the Cradle. *Cabier* informs me that you are very much ſurpriz'd at the ſuddain ends of our new Converts. The *Baron of Salignac* and my ſelf are ſtill alive. His Wife, and the Wives of *Salette*, *Sponde*, *Morlas* are alſo yet living. The reaſon is plain: They that are dead would not ſtifle their Conſciences; and they choak'd them. We muſt therefore kill our Conſciences, as I can boaſt to have done by mine; or lay them faſt aſleep in the Bed of Stupidity, as the Baron and his Wife, and others, have done by a thouſand little charming paſtimes of Love. Come, I will give ye a few precepts, which I make uſe of my ſelf. Many men render deſervedly culpable themſelves through their own ill conduct. Loyalty, though it be highly to be applauded, becomes liable to puniſhment, when it ſuſtains them who are depreſs'd by Fortune. We ought to follow favour, honour thoſe who are in proſperity; ſpurn at the miſerable. For never wiſe man made choice of the unfortunate for his Friends. We ought to change as the times alter, and abandon that Party, from which we can hope for no ſupport. There is as much difference between profit and right, as between Heaven and Earth, wa-

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ter and fire. The greateſt Families in the World would ſoon decay, ſhould they make any account of Juſtice. A ty'd reſpect to Honeſty would overthrow Citys and Caſtles. The liberty of committing all ſorts of Impiety, ſupports Kingdoms. Though it went againſt thy Nature to obſerve any meaſure in evil-doing, yet he that acts by appearance ſhall eaſily find impunity, when the fact is committed. Let him abſtain from the Court, that will needs be pious. Truth and Grandeur are always at daggers drawing. He ſhall always be in fear. Why ſhould a wiſe man be aſham'd to follow the example of his King. Wickedneſs renders them equal who are equally contaminated. 'Tis not a thing that deſerves a little praiſe to deceive a Prince. Honeſty, not accompany'd with felicity, is always contemptible; and for poor Vertue, ſee how it is forc'd to ſuffer the ſcoffs of the Vulgar. Thus you ſee, Sir, how I have endeavour'd to employ your contemplation, not doubting but you will make your advantage of what I have ſaid; as being the moſt proper Phyſic for your diſeaſe. I return'd my moſt humble thanks to Monſieur Confeſſour, and applauding his diſcourſe, Sir, ſaid I, what follows, I ſpeak by way of Confeſſion, in acknowledgment

ledgment of your kindneſs. I recommend my honour to your care. And to ſhew ye that your Doctrin is ſow'd in a good ground, I am ſo far from contradicting your grave advice, that henceforward I intend to piſs upon the friendſhip of the miſerable. I have learnt from you, that the beſt way is to eat fowl when they are mortifi'd, and to make advantage of men when they are ſuppl'd by their misfortues. To this purpoſe, I will tell you a brave Act which I did upon my ſecond Converſion. We were at *Orleans*, the Abbot of—— and I when the Maſſacre was committed. The Abbot adviſ'd me to go forth into the ſtreet with my Sword i'my hand and to do as the reſt did, to ſave my own Life. Seeing that his Counſel ſucceded, and that for having my Sword in the guts of a poor Hat-maker, I was welcom among the Maſſacrer's, it put me in mind of a Gentleman, to whom I had bin beholding for four Months entertainment. I went to the door with—— and other Conſorts. The good man was upon his knees in the Chamber preparing himſelf to dye. When he heard my voice he came running down, receiv'd me full of joy, crying out, with his eyes lifted up to Heaven; O God thou haſt ſent this man as an Angel to ſuccour me in my affliction.

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That is, thought I, to put ye quite out of your misery, and thereupon I presently sheath'd my Sword in his heart to do him a freindly office. I sav'd his Wive's Life, of whom I and —— and the rest of the company made some small use as the time would permit. Afterwards for grief of the Injury done her, she ran foolishly into the heat of the Massacre and was her self knockt o'the head. I miss'd killing a Varlet *Huguenot*, who would never do as I would have had him. So that for want of sufficient help, I got no more than fourscore Crowns, and a green Camlet Suit. And this is that wherewith you have hear'd me openly tax—— when they return'd with me to *Paris*. A noble Act, cry'd *M.* Confessour, and I think it was almost in the same Coyn that you pay'd *M. Gennes*, though you did not cut his throat, when he importun'd ye to repay the 100000. Crowns. Such discourses as these chear'd me up for a time. So that I resolv'd to harden my heart; never think of what was past, but altogether mind the future. I have now only two little Fears that disturb me; the one in reference to my Estate, the other, my Religion. The first is, if the *Huguenots* should mind their business as they might do, then would the greatest part of

France

France fly to their embraces. But in that case, God be thanked, we know how to go, come and return again Let me alone to counterfeit *Eubolius*, and to rowl my self in a Sack to the St. *John*'s Gate in *Rochel* with an humble Petition in my mouth, *Christians tread me to dirt, who am but salt without savour*. But the fear of my Conscience is, least a burning Feaver should surprize, and deceive me, as it did *Morlas*. However, let the worst come to the worst, it may be God may pardon me; if he does but see me kick a woodd'n Saint *topsy turvy* in sign of Repentance.

FINIS.